



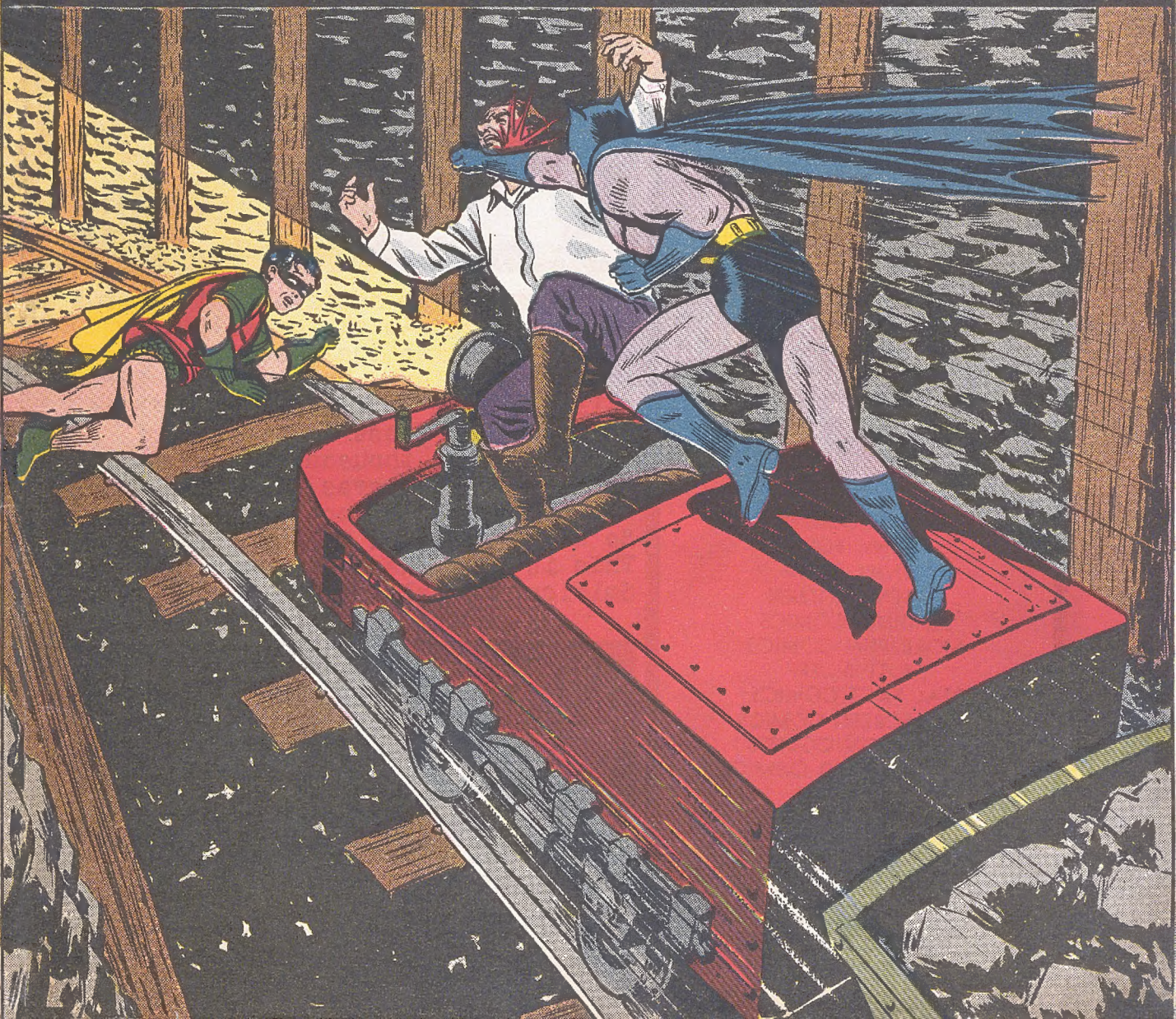
No.111

MAY...TEN CENTS



Detective COMICS

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Your RED CROSS must carry on!



They lie in hospitals, thousands of our finest--sick, cruelly maimed. Who is to write their letters, hear their troubles, answer when they call for "Mom"? Mom can't be there. But your Red Cross can, and must be there. Many thousands more Americans, still overseas, must count on the Red Cross for comfort and cheer. So won't you give to the Red Cross? This is your chance to say, "Thanks, Soldier, for all you've done!"



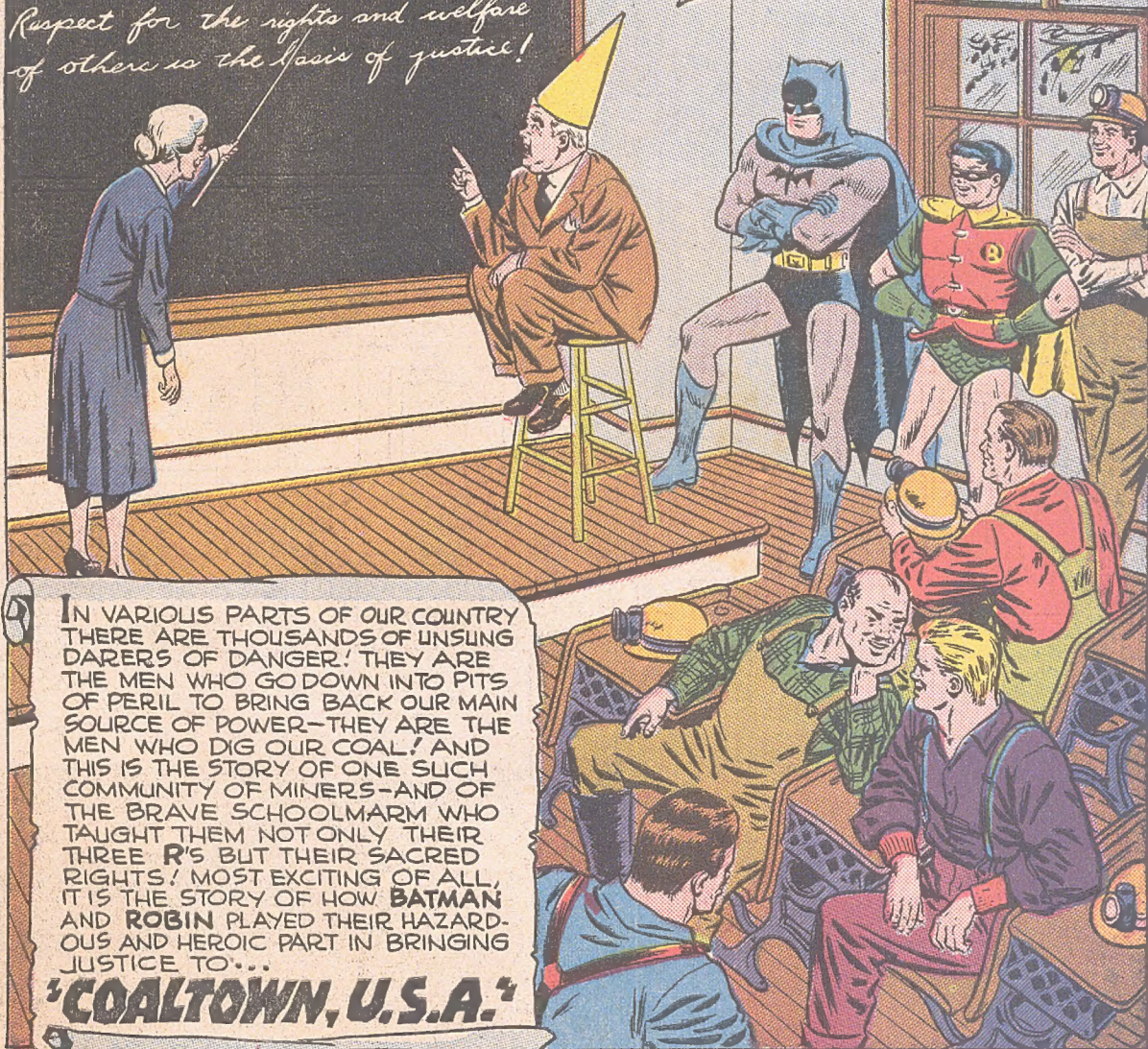
WAR IS NEVER OVER FOR THE RED CROSS!

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BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

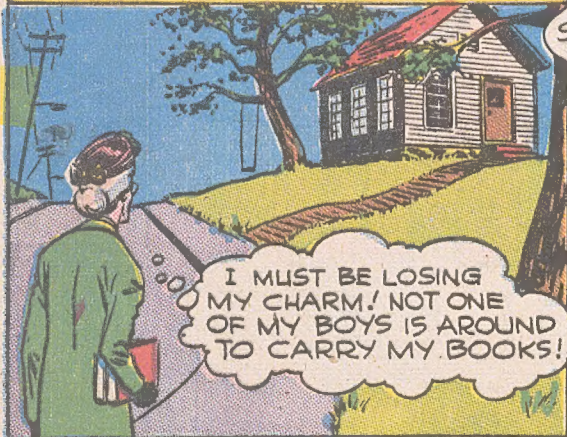
*Respect for the rights and welfare
of others is the basis of justice!*



IN VARIOUS PARTS OF OUR COUNTRY THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF UNSUNG DARRERS OF DANGER. THEY ARE THE MEN WHO GO DOWN INTO PITS OF PERIL TO BRING BACK OUR MAIN SOURCE OF POWER—THEY ARE THE MEN WHO DIG OUR COAL! AND THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE SUCH COMMUNITY OF MINERS—AND OF THE BRAVE SCHOOLMARM WHO TAUGHT THEM NOT ONLY THEIR THREE R'S BUT THEIR SACRED RIGHTS! MOST EXCITING OF ALL, IT IS THE STORY OF HOW **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** PLAYED THEIR HAZARDOUS AND HEROIC PART IN BRINGING JUSTICE TO...

'COALTOWN, U.S.A.'

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MANY YEARS, MISS EMMA DODD WALKS TO HER SCHOOL, IN A SMALL MINING TOWN, ALL ALONE!



I MUST BE LOSING MY CHARM! NOT ONE OF MY BOYS IS AROUND TO CARRY MY BOOKS!

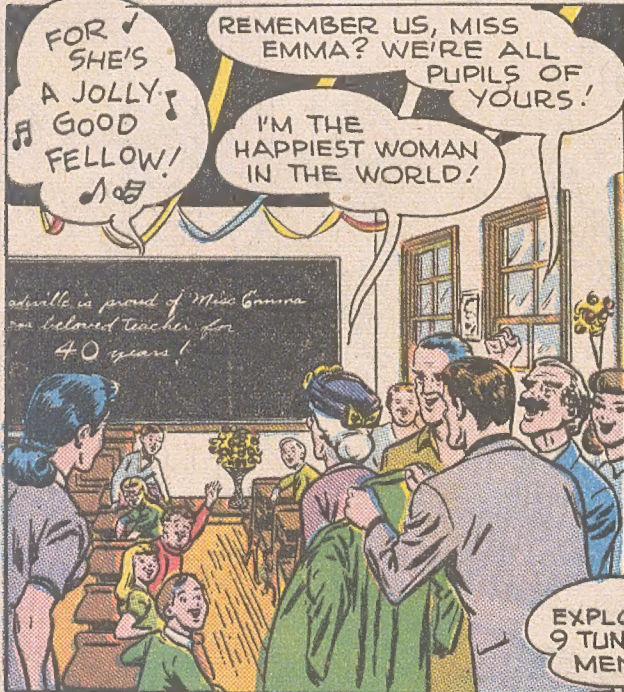
BUT HERE'S WHY!



SURPRISE!

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY, MISS EMMA!

GRACIOUS SAKES ALIVE!

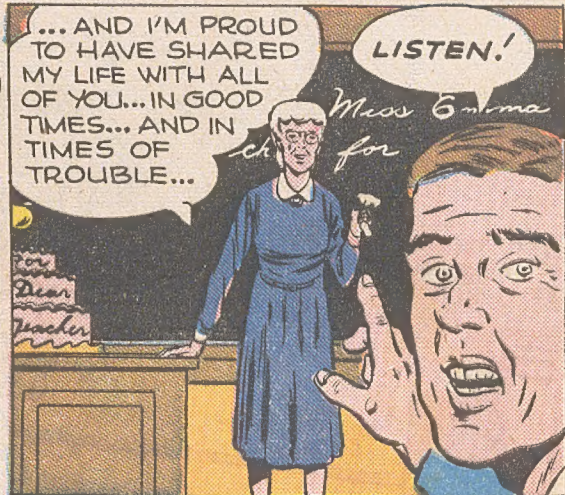


FOR SHE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW!

REMEMBER US, MISS EMMA? WE'RE ALL PUPILS OF YOURS!

I'M THE HAPPIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD!

Adventville is proud of Miss Emma Dodd, beloved teacher for 40 years!



...AND I'M PROUD TO HAVE SHARED MY LIFE WITH ALL OF YOU... IN GOOD TIMES... AND IN TIMES OF TROUBLE...

LISTEN!

THE DISASTER TOUCHES TWO STRANGERS RETURNING TO GOTHAM CITY FROM A HOLIDAY TRIP...

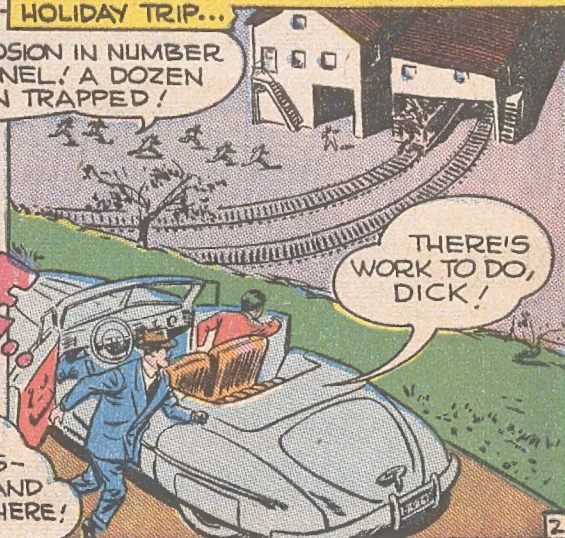
EXPLOSION IN NUMBER 9 TUNNEL! A DOZEN MEN TRAPPED!

"TIMES OF TROUBLE!" OMINOUS WORDS—FOR ABRUPTLY, THE EERIE WAIL OF A SIREN CUTS THE AIR!



THE POWERHOUSE SIREN! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG AT THE MINE!

GOOD HEAVENS—MY HUSBAND IS DOWN THERE!

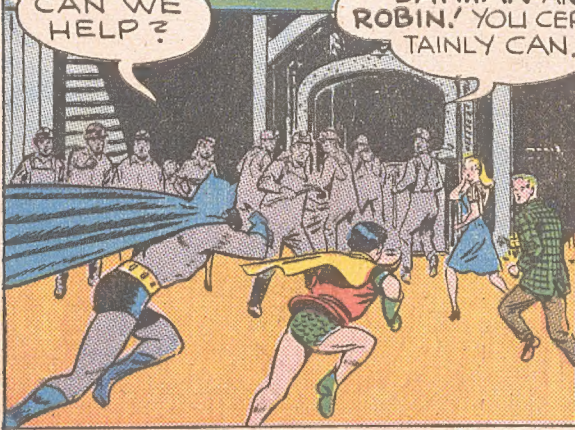


THERE'S WORK TO DO, DICK!

BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON MAKE A LIGHTNING CHANGE OF COSTUME ... AND SUDDENLY TWO FAMOUS FIGURES JOIN THE RESCUE PARTY!

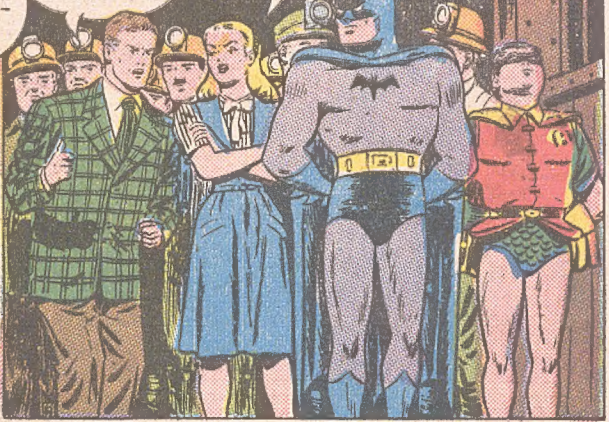
CAN WE HELP?

BATMAN AND ROBIN! YOU CERTAINLY CAN!



SALLY McGRAW! WHY AREN'T YOU ON THE SURFACE WITH THE WOMEN?

MY FATHER'S TRAPPED BELOW, TODD REED, AND YOU CAN'T KEEP ME FROM HIM!

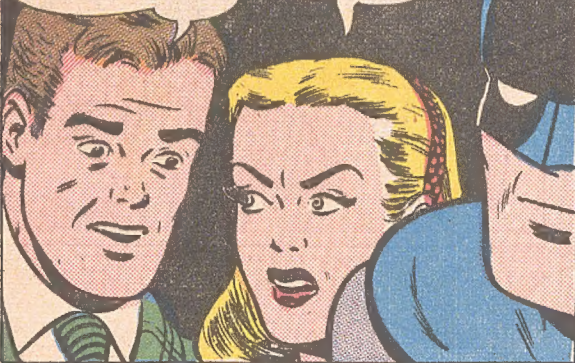


WHAT'S MORE, THESE ACCIDENTS WOULDN'T HAPPEN IF YOUR FATHER WOULD INSTALL VENTILATING

FANS AND OTHER SAFETY DEVICES IN HIS MINE!

I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT THOSE THINGS. I'VE BEEN AWAY AT COLLEGE.

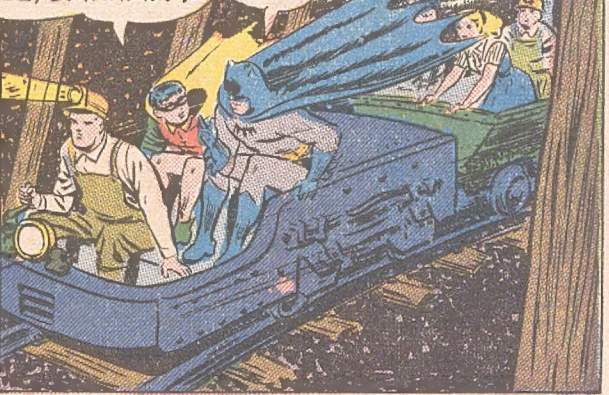
HMMM...



MINIATURE RAILWAY CARS SPEED THE RESCUERS THROUGH SEEMINGLY ENDLESS TUNNELS OF DARKNESS...

WILL THEY TRY TO BLAST THE TRAPPED MEN FREE, BATMAN?

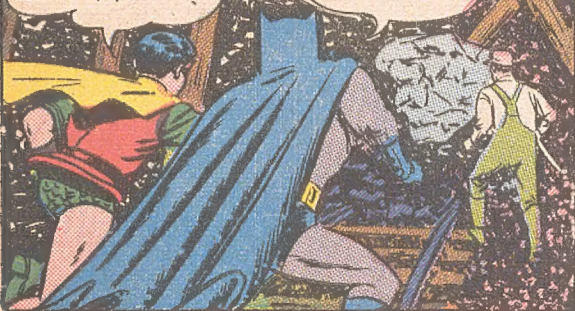
NOT IF THERE'S GAS AROUND! ANY FLAME OR EXPLOSION MIGHT IGNITE IT!



A BARRIER OF COAL AND ROCK BARS THE WAY!

WONDER IF ANY OF THEM ARE LEFT ALIVE?

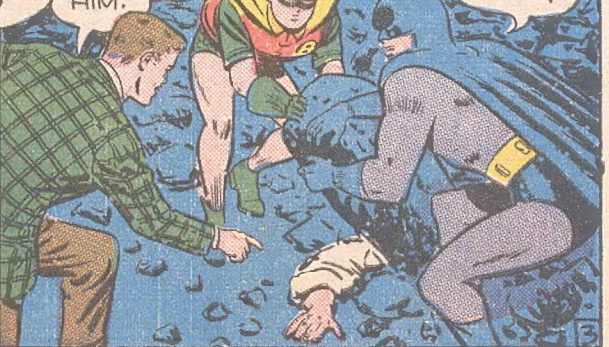
HARD TO TELL! THOSE WHO ESCAPED BEING CRUSHED MAY HAVE BEEN SUFFOCATED BY GAS!

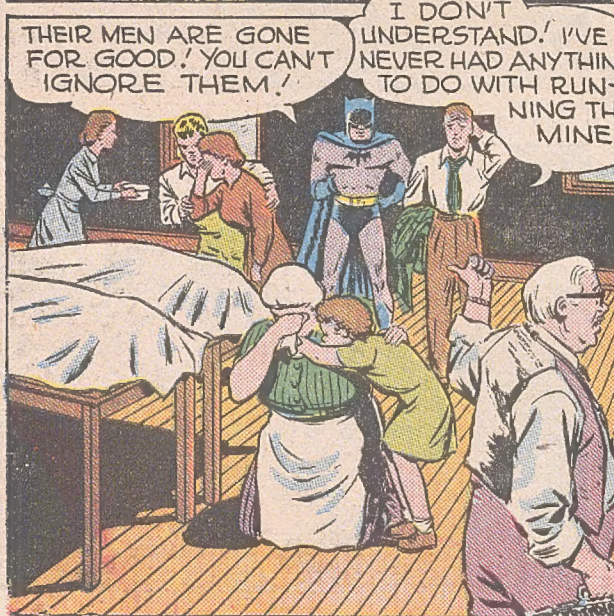
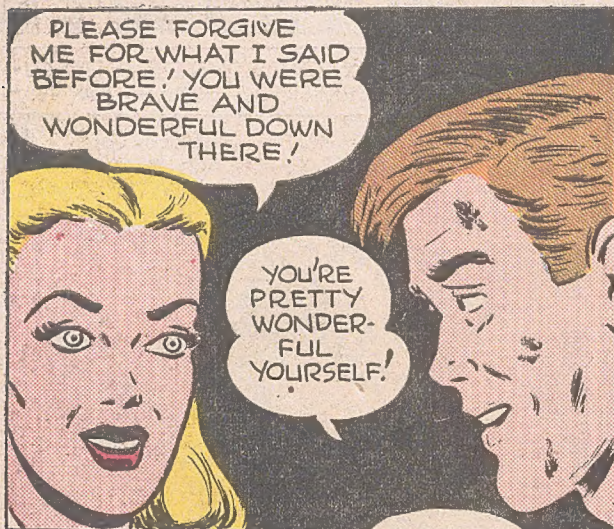
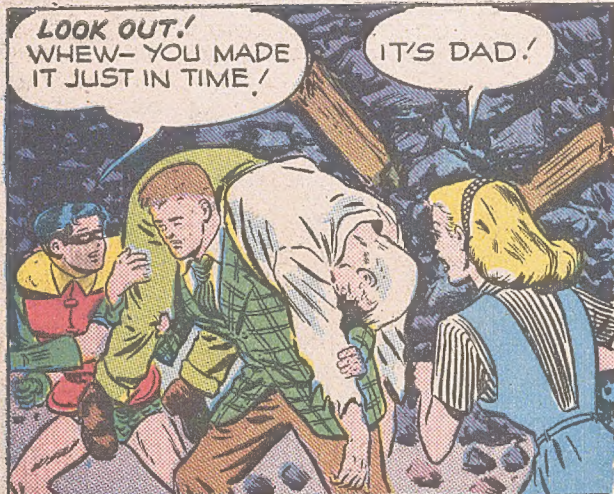


AFTER LONG MINUTES OF FRENZIED TOIL...

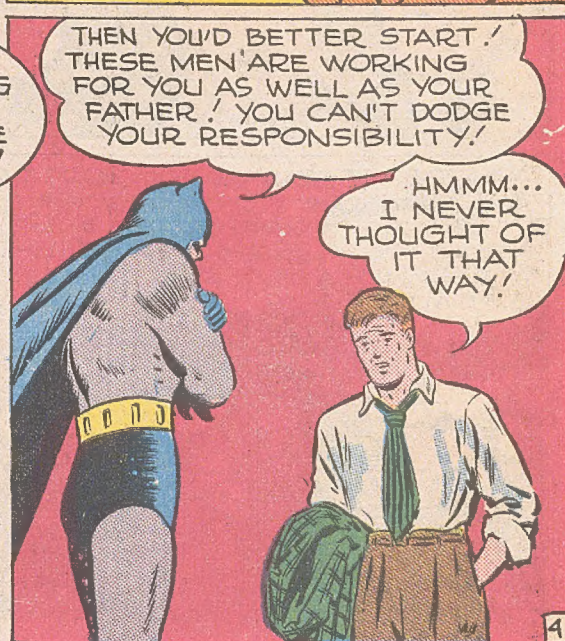
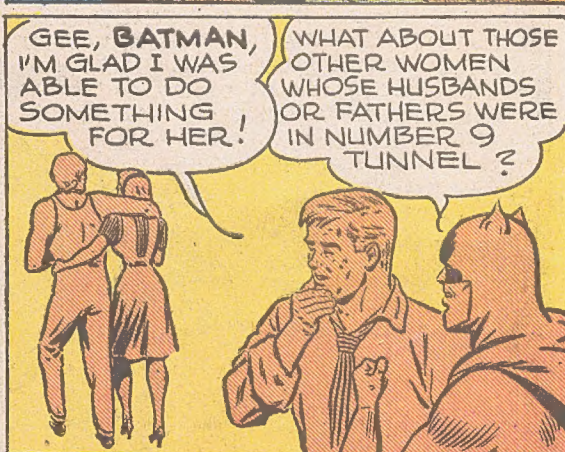
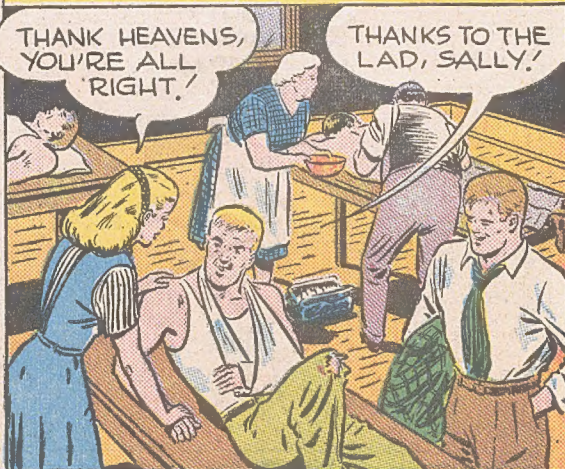
HERE'S ONE OF THEM! I'LL GET HIM!

CAREFUL! MOVING THIS CHUNK OF ROCK MAY CAUSE MORE TO FALL!





PERILOUS WORK BRINGS THE LIVING AND THE DEAD OUT OF THE DEBRIS-AND LATER, IN A PRIMITIVE HOSPITAL ABOVE...



MEANWHILE, JULIUS REED, OWNER OF THE MINE, DISPLAYS HIS GRASPING NATURE!

DAD, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT THIS LATEST CAVE-IN?

WHY, NOTHING, TODD—EXCEPT FIGHT ANY DAMAGE SUITS THE FAMILIES OF THE DEAD MEN MAY BRING!

WHAT! THOSE MEN LOST THEIR LIVES WORKING TO MAKE YOU RICHER—AND A DECENT VENTILATING SYSTEM COULD HAVE SAVED THEM!

I'M NOT IN BUSINESS TO THROW MONEY AWAY ON EXTRA EQUIPMENT!

LET THE MINERS TAKE THE RISK IF THEY'RE BIG ENOUGH FOOLS!

FOOLS? LOOK OUT THE WINDOW, AND YOU'LL SEE THEY AREN'T AS FOOLISH AS YOU THINK!

DEAR MR. REED I DON'T WANT TO LOSE MY DADDY!

I'VE ALWAYS TRIED TO TEACH YOU THAT LIVES WORTH WORKING FOR ARE WORTH FIGHTING FOR!

ARE PROFITS WORTH MORE THAN LIVES?

NO MORE CAVE-INS! LET'S HAVE SAFE WORK CONDITIONS!

SHE'S RIGHT!

SHE'S ALWAYS BEEN A TROUBLE-MAKER, BUT THIS TIME SHE'S GONE TOO FAR! I RUN THE SCHOOL BOARD AND I'LL GET RID OF HER!

MISS DODD, YOU'RE FIRED! AS FOR THE REST OF YOU, THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY! IF YOU DON'T LEAVE INSTANTLY, I'LL USE FORCE!

ANY, LTD.

MAIN

MISS EMMA FIRED? WE WON'T STAND FOR IT!

I THOUGHT WE COULD REASON WITH REED - BUT WHEN HE FIRES OUR MISS EMMA, I'M AAA-AA...

HERE COME REED'S PRIVATE COPS. THEY GOT JACK MCGRAW!

NEXT MOMENT, TEAR-GAS GUNS AND A HIGH-PRESSURE HOSE IN THE HANDS OF UNIFORMED GUARDS TURN THE GATHERING INTO A ROUT.

YOU HAD FAIR WARNING!

JIMMY! MY LITTLE BOY! WHERE ARE YOU? I CAN'T SEE!

DON'T GO OUT THERE! ARE YOU INSANE?

NO - BUT YOU MUST BE! I'D NEVER BELIEVE THIS IF I HADN'T SEEN IT!

AND AS BATMAN AND ROBIN RETURN FROM THE MINE...

GREAT SCOTT - SOME OF THOSE WOMEN AND KIDS WILL BE HURT!

THOSE GUARDS ARE NOTHING BUT HIRED THUGS - THE KIND WE'VE HANDLED BEFORE.

I'VE GOT TO TAKE THEM FROM BEHIND!

KEEP IT RIGHT ON HIM! WE'VE GOTTA KNOCK HIM DOWN BEFORE HE GETS TO US!

LIGHTNING TEAMWORK TURNS THE TABLE, AND...

THEY DON'T LIKE THEIR OWN MEDICINE, DO THEY?

NO, BUT IT'S TIME THEY HAD A DOSE OF IT!

AS THE EXCITEMENT SUBSIDES...



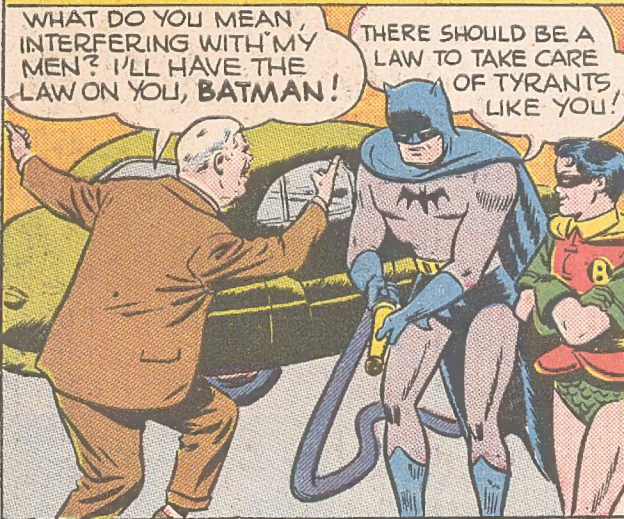
HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT! HE WAS ONLY STUNNED!
WH-WHAT-?

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF MY FATHER, TODD REED!

BUT SALLY—I WAS ONLY—

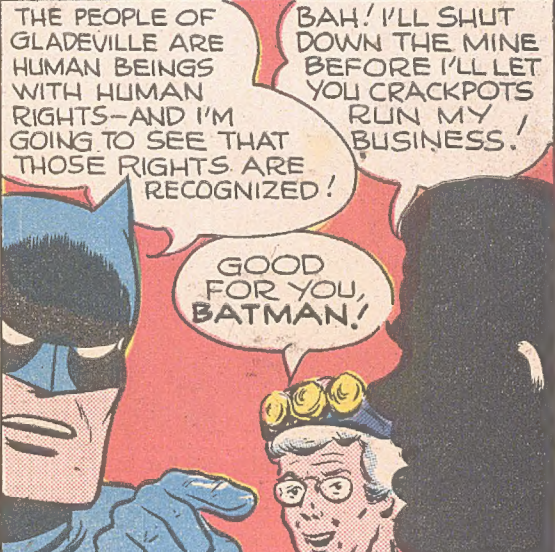
DON'T TRY TO EXPLAIN! JUST LEAVE US ALONE! I NEVER WANT TO SEE ANY MEMBER OF THE REED FAMILY AGAIN!

JULIUS REED IS BESIDE HIMSELF WITH FURY!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, INTERFERING WITH MY MEN? I'LL HAVE THE LAW ON YOU, BATMAN!

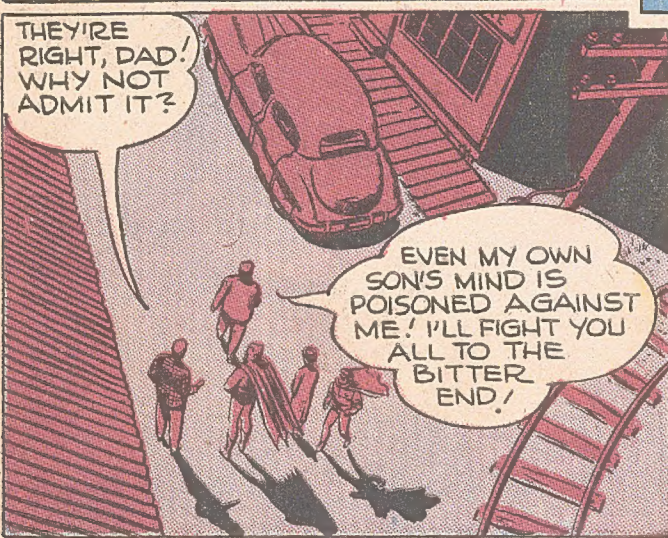
THERE SHOULD BE A LAW TO TAKE CARE OF TYRANTS LIKE YOU!



THE PEOPLE OF GLADEVILLE ARE HUMAN BEINGS WITH HUMAN RIGHTS—AND I'M GOING TO SEE THAT THOSE RIGHTS ARE RECOGNIZED!

BAH! I'LL SHUT DOWN THE MINE BEFORE I'LL LET YOU CRACKPOTS RUN MY BUSINESS!

GOOD FOR YOU, BATMAN!



THEY'RE RIGHT, DAD! WHY NOT ADMIT IT?

EVEN MY OWN SON'S MIND IS POISONED AGAINST ME! I'LL FIGHT YOU ALL TO THE BITTER END!



YES, JULIUS REED WILL FIGHT—BUT WITH OTHER MEN'S STRENGTH! FOR LATER...

UNDERSTAND, KALE? I WANT BATMAN OUT OF HERE BEFORE HE MAKES MORE TROUBLE!

LEAVE IT TO ME, BOSS!

THAT NIGHT, OTHERS MAP A DIFFERENT KIND OF CAMPAIGN...

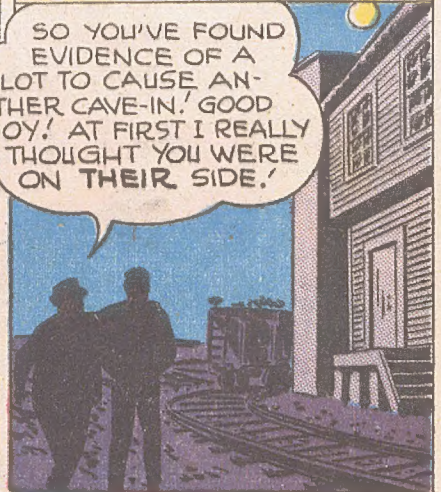
IF ONLY DAD WOULD TRY TO SEE THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY!

HE NEEDS EDUCATING- AND THAT'S MY SPECIALTY! JOHN MCGRAW, YOU KNOW THE INSIDE OF THAT COAL MINE BETTER THAN ANYBODY.



AND HERE IS THE FIRST STEP!

SO YOU'VE FOUND EVIDENCE OF A PLOT TO CAUSE ANOTHER CAVE-IN! GOOD BOY! AT FIRST I REALLY THOUGHT YOU WERE ON THEIR SIDE!



THE OLD PIRATE THINKS HE'LL FIND AN EXCUSE TO BLAME THE MINERS FOR TODAY'S ACCIDENT- BUT HE'LL BE SURPRISED!



AT THE END OF A LONG WINDING TUNNEL THAT SLOPES DOWNWARD FROM THE SHAFT...

YOU'RE SURE THERE'S NO DANGER, JOHN?

THERE'S A FAULT IN THE ROCK ABOVE THAT GIRDER! THE CAVE-IN WILL BE RIGHT THERE, AND WON'T TOUCH US!



SUDDENLY, AS TODD AND HIS FATHER NEAR THE WAITING TRIO...

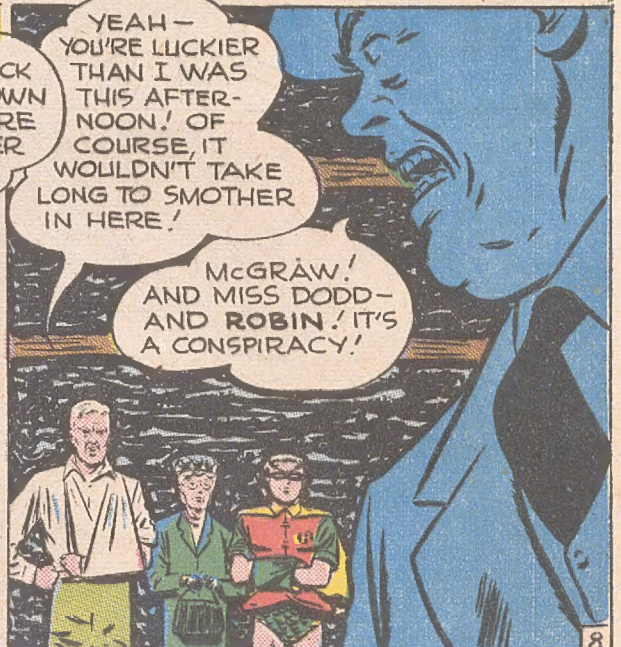
HUH? GOOD HEAVENS- WE'RE TRAPPED! AND NO ONE KNOWS WE'RE DOWN HERE!

LUCKY THAT ROCK DIDN'T COME DOWN WHEN WE WERE UNDER IT!



YEAH - YOU'RE LUCKIER THAN I WAS THIS AFTER-NOON! OF COURSE, IT WOULDN'T TAKE LONG TO SMOTHER IN HERE!

MCGRAW! AND MISS DODD- AND ROBIN! IT'S A CONSPIRACY!



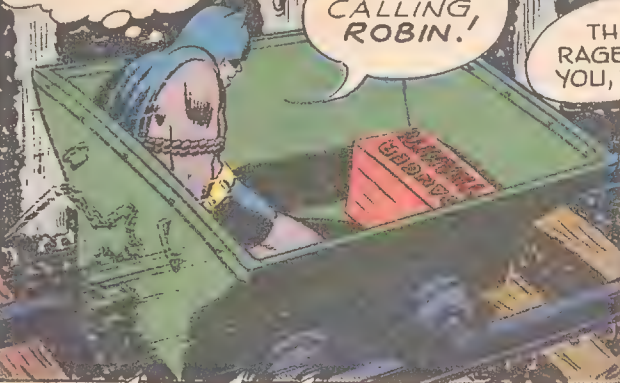
MEANWHILE, BATMAN IS UNAWARE OF SINISTER SHADOWS CREEPING UPON HIM...

JULIUS REED SHOULD BEGIN TO EXPERIENCE ALL THE SENSATIONS OF A VICTIM OF A MINING ACCIDENT PRETTY SOON!



DOWN THROUGH A SLOPE OF BLACKNESS ROLLS THE MINE CAR, GATHERING SPEED...

THOSE RATS DON'T KNOW THAT JULIUS REED AND THE OTHERS WILL DIE TOO! WONDER IF I CAN WARN THEM WITH MY BELT RADIO?



ROBIN! CALLING! ROBIN!

AND BATMAN AWAKENS TOO LATE TO FORESTALL THE DEADLY PLAN OF THE MINE-OWNER'S BRUTAL HIRELINGS!

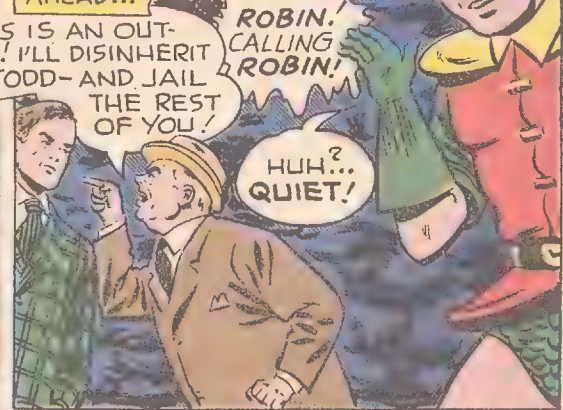
WH-WHERE-? WH-WHAT-?



WAIT UNTIL THE CAR SLAMS INTO THE END OF THE TUNNEL AND THE DYNAMITE EXPLODES! HAW! HAW!

AND IN THE SEALED CHAMBER AHEAD...

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! I'LL DISINHERIT YOU, TODD- AND JAIL THE REST OF YOU!



ROBIN! CALLING! ROBIN!

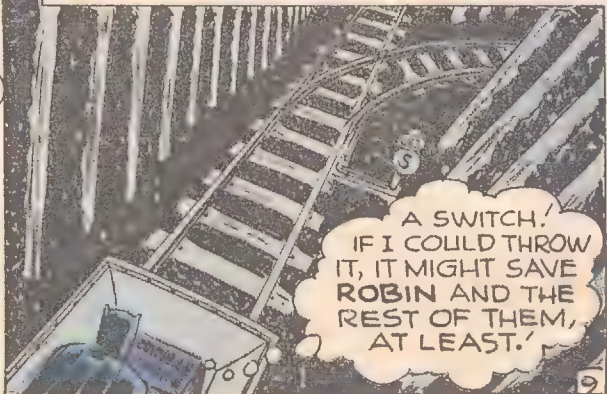
HUH? QUIET!

BATMAN CALLING! MINE-POLICE GOT ME! COASTING YOUR WAY WITH CARLOAD OF DYNAMITE... CAN'T STOP! TRY TO SAVE YOURSELVES!

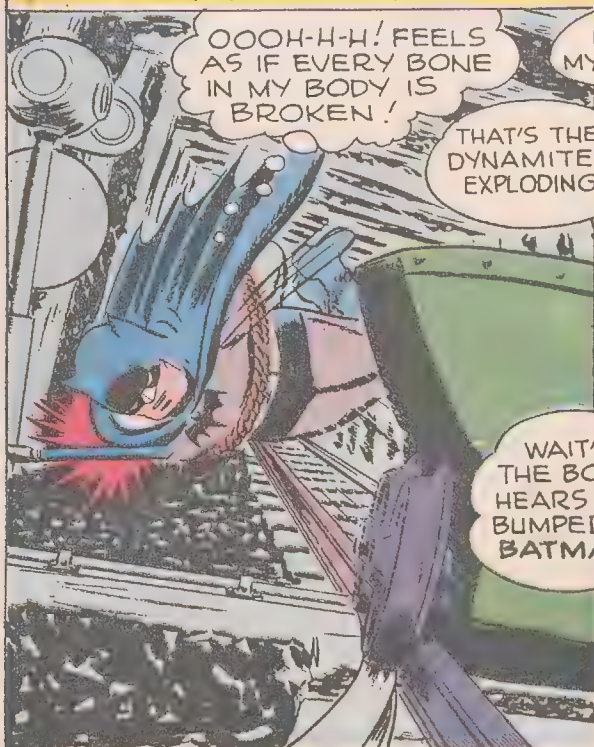
IF ONLY I HADN'T TOLD MY BOYS TO TANGLE WITH THE BATMAN!



A SWITCH! IF I COULD THROW IT, IT MIGHT SAVE ROBIN AND THE REST OF THEM, AT LEAST!



RISKING IMMEDIATE DEATH, BATMAN LEAPS—AND THE CAR SWERVES ABRUPTLY!



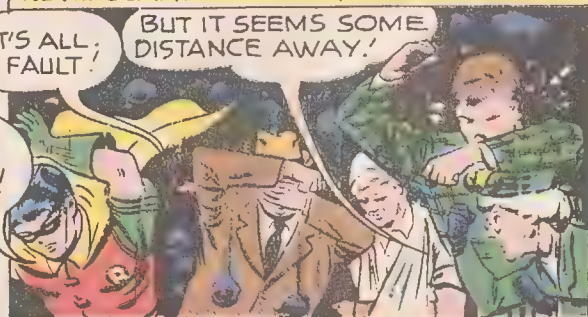
OOOH-H-H! FEELS AS IF EVERY BONE IN MY BODY IS BROKEN!

IT'S ALL MY FAULT!

THAT'S THE DYNAMITE EXPLODING!

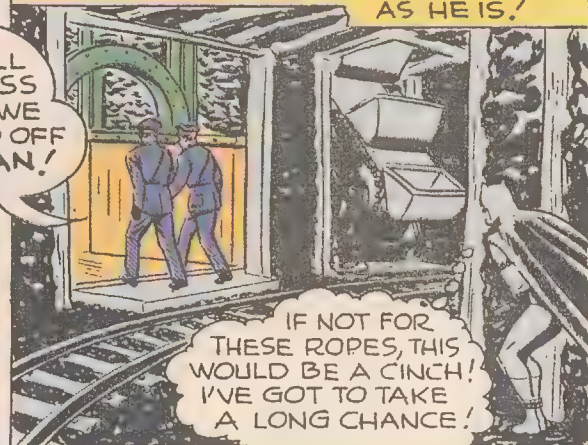
WAIT'LL THE BOSS HEARS WE BUMPED OFF BATMAN!

SECONDS LATER, AS THUNDEROUS ECHOES REVERBERATE THROUGH THE MINE...



BUT IT SEEMS SOME DISTANCE AWAY!

MEANWHILE, BATMAN HAS MANAGED TO HOP PAINFULLY BACK ALONG THE TUNNEL, BOUND AS HE IS!



IF NOT FOR THESE ROPES, THIS WOULD BE A CINCH! I'VE GOT TO TAKE A LONG CHANCE!

BATMAN'S BODY STRIKES THE LEVER... PONDEROUS MACHINERY CLANKS INTO LIFE... AND THE CAPED WARRIOR IS SCOOPED SWIFTLY UPWARD—BUT HIS PERSISTENT FOES FOLLOW!

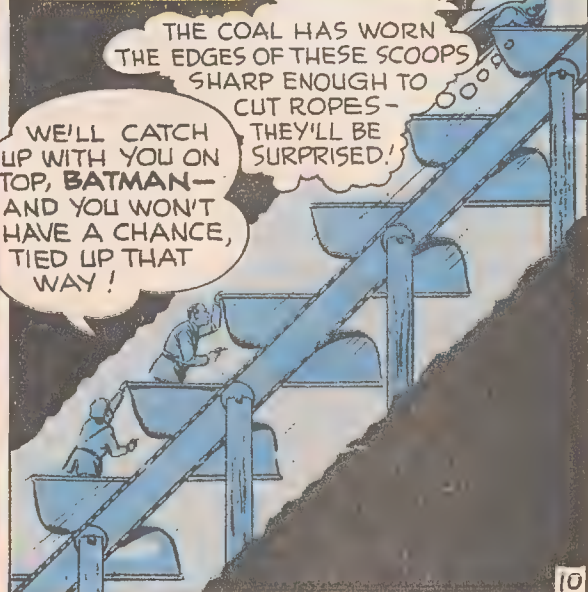


I'VE GOT TO THROW THAT LEVER, START THE COAL CONVEYOR, OR I'M SUNK!

HEY!

IT'S HIM!

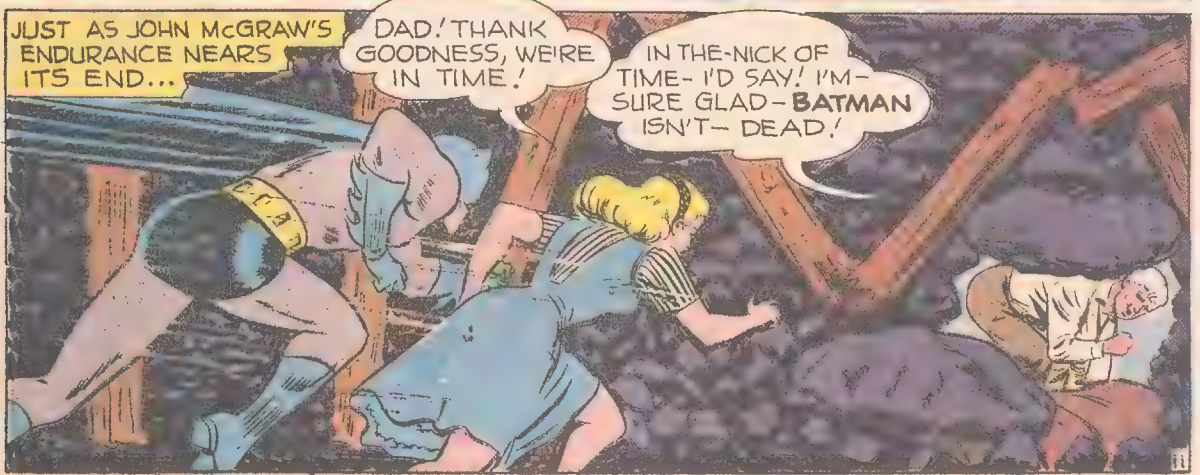
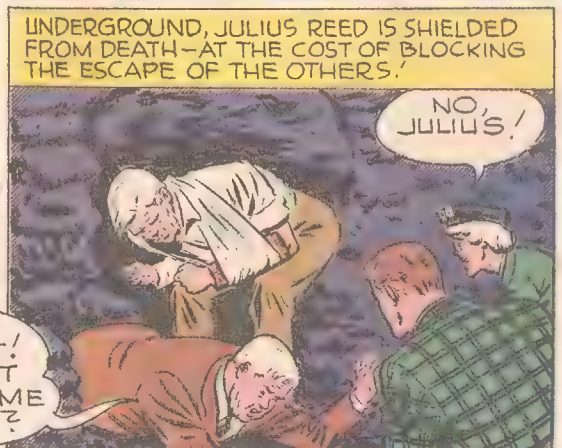
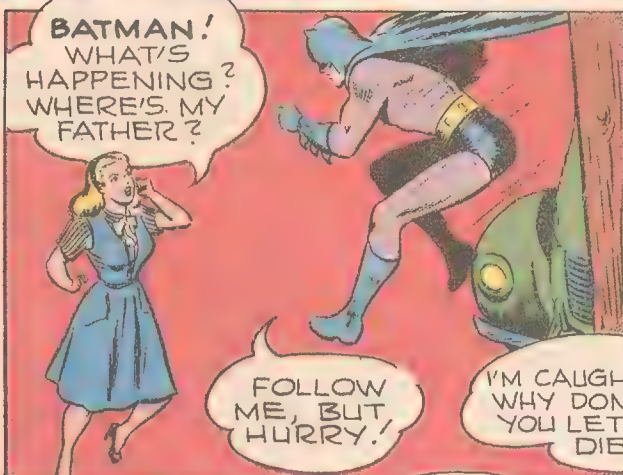
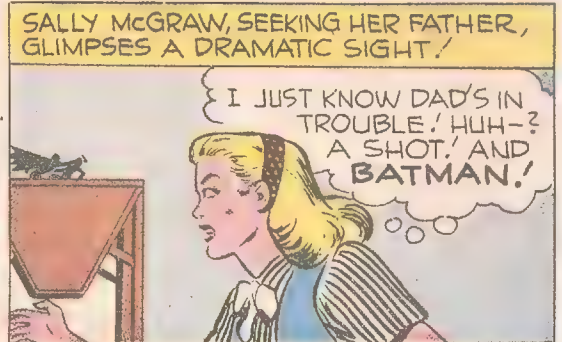
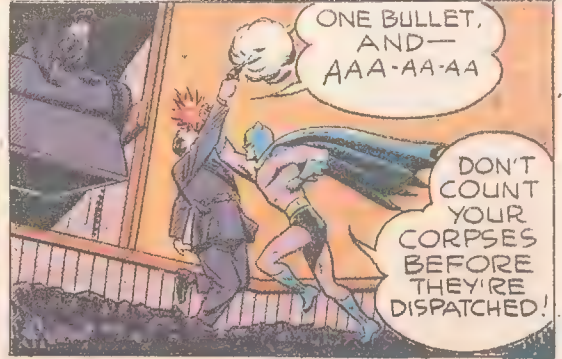
DO TELL!



THE COAL HAS WORN THE EDGES OF THESE SCOOPS SHARP ENOUGH TO CUT ROPES—

THEY'LL BE SURPRISED!

WE'LL CATCH UP WITH YOU ON TOP, BATMAN—AND YOU WON'T HAVE A CHANCE, TIED UP THAT WAY!



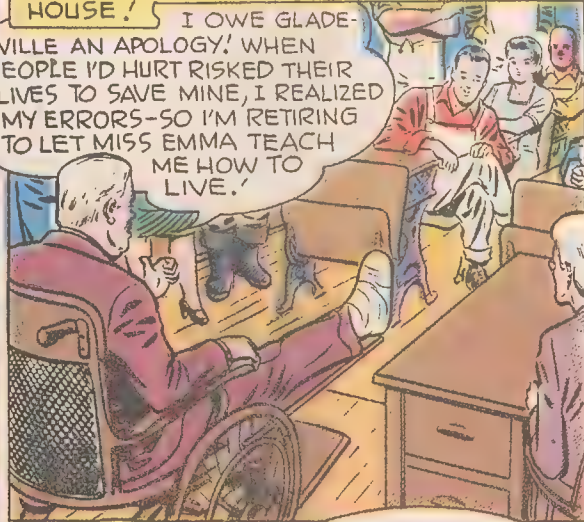
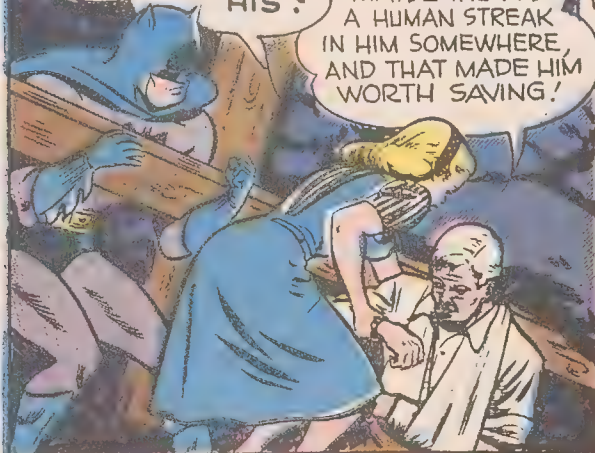
STOUT BEAMS HOLD BACK THE GIGANTIC ROCK AS THE INJURED MINER COLLAPSES...

YOU RISKED YOUR LIFE-TO SAVE HIS?

WHO KNOWS, SALLY? MAYBE THERE'S A HUMAN STREAK IN HIM SOMEWHERE, AND THAT MADE HIM WORTH SAVING!

THE NEXT MORNING, A SPECIAL CITIZENS' MEETING IS CALLED IN THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL-HOUSE!

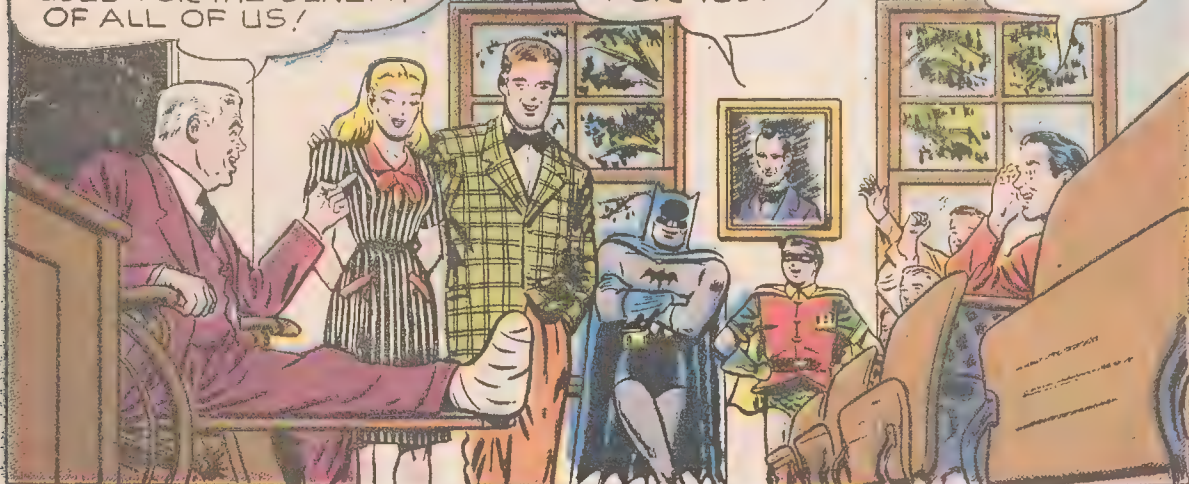
I OWE GLADEVILLE AN APOLOGY! WHEN PEOPLE I'D HURT RISKED THEIR LIVES TO SAVE MINE, I REALIZED MY ERRORS-SO I'M RETIRING TO LET MISS EMMA TEACH ME HOW TO LIVE.



I'M TURNING THE MINE OVER TO MY SON TODD-TO BE USED FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL OF US!

HOORAY FOR TODD!

THREE CHEERS FOR JULIUS!



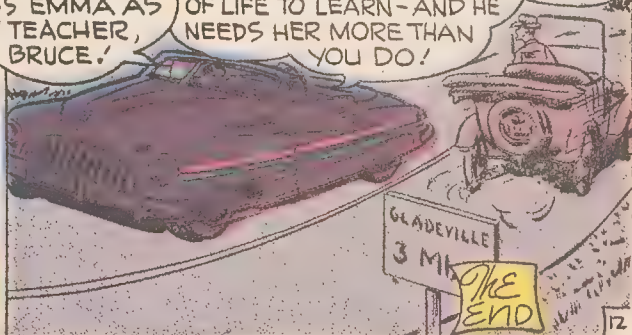
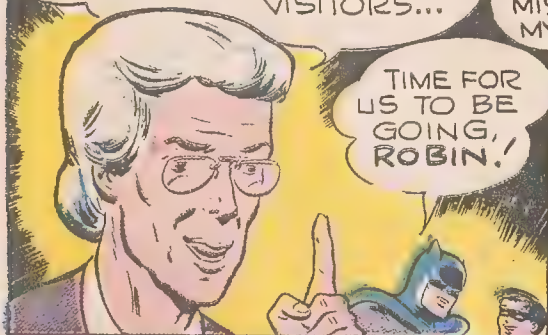
I'LL GO ON TEACHING AS LONG AS I LIVE-BUT NO LESSON CAN BE AS EFFECTIVE AS THE ONE WE'VE LEARNED FROM OUR DISTINGUISHED VISITORS...

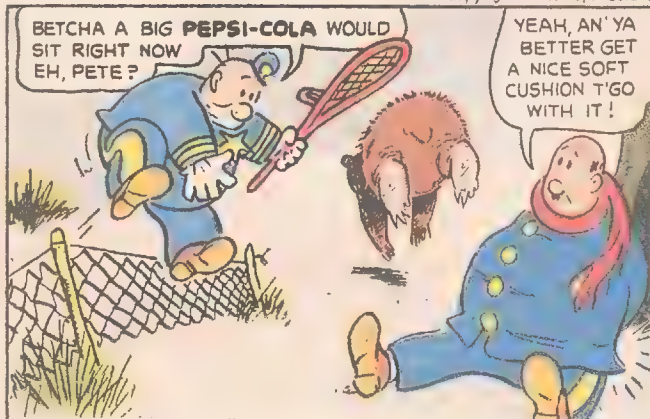
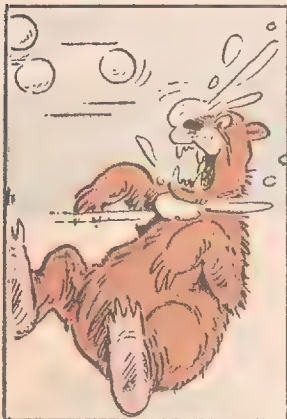
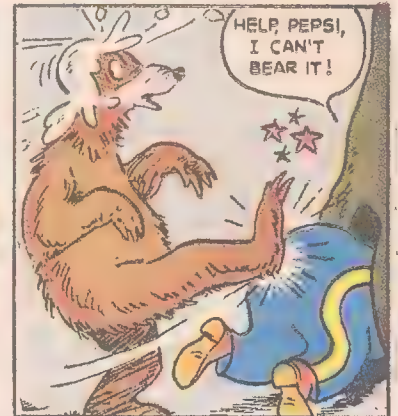
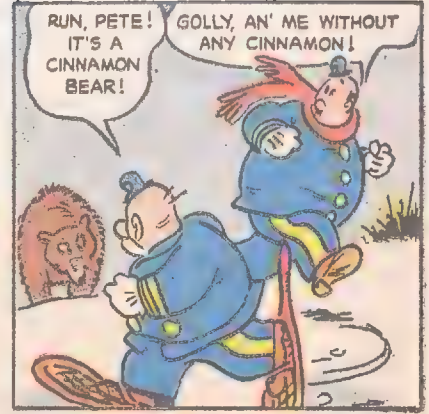
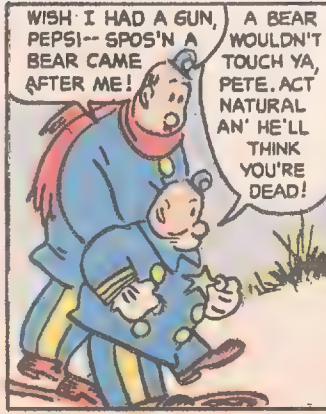
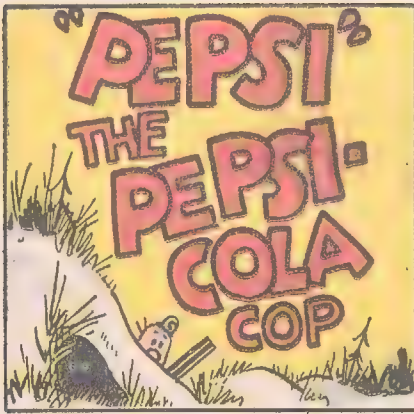
TIME FOR US TO BE GOING, ROBIN!

AND SO-GOOD-BYE TO A HAPPIER GLADEVILLE THAN WE FOUND IN THE BEGINNING!

I WOULDN'T MIND HAVING MISS EMMA AS MY TEACHER, BRUCE.


I DON'T BLAME YOU! BUT JULIUS REED HAS A WHOLE NEW PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE TO LEARN-AND HE NEEDS HER MORE THAN YOU DO!





Copyright 1946, Pepsi-Cola Company

SPORTS DEPT



MY ONLY GAME
WAS TIDDLYWINKS
UNTIL I STARTED
EATING WHEATIES.

COLIN
ALLEN



START EATING
WHEATIES TOMORROW
MORNING.

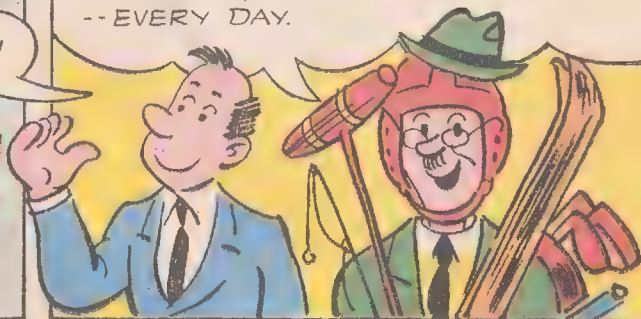
EVEN A TIDDLY WINKER STARTS GETTING
CHAMPION IDEAS -- WHEN HE STARTS
EATING WHEATIES.

THOSE CRISP-TOASTED, SWELL-TASTING
FLAKES ARE LOADED WITH ALL THE ZIPPY
NOURISHMENT, ZESTY FLAVOR THAT MAKES
WHEATIES THE **TRAINING TABLE FAVORITE**
OF SO MANY CHAMPION ATHLETES. AND
THAT'S FOR YOU.

GIVE YOURSELF A BREAK AT BREAKFAST.
GIVE YOURSELF LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND
WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
-- EVERY DAY.

**BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS**
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

Wheaties, Breakfast of Champions, are registered
trade marks of General Mills, Inc.





THE CASE OF -
THE UNLUCKY
TREASURE HUNTERS!

CRIME HASN'T PAID TOO WELL FOR *Wolf Carson* ...
BUT HE STILL HAS IDEAS!

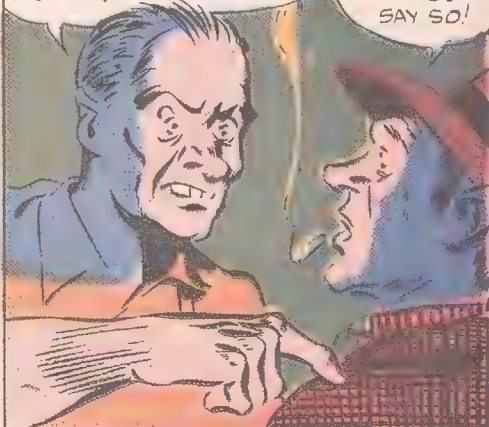
TOO BAD, WOLF ... JUST BECAUSE
A SAPH SHOTS YOU INSTEAD OF THE
COP HE AIMS AT, YOU LOSE YOUR
LEG. AND NOW YOU'LL NEVER BE
ABLE TO MAKE A FAST GETAWAY!

YEAH? I CAN
STILL PULL A
JOB AS GOOD
AS ANY-
BODY!

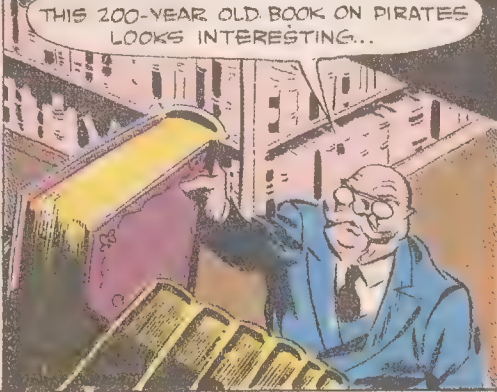


AND I WON'T HAVE TO
MAKE ANY GETAWAY! I GOT
A SCHEME FOR MARIN' THE
SAPS I ROB COME
TO ME!

GOSH!
I DON'T
SEE--BUT
OKAY, WOLF,
IF YOU
SAY SO!

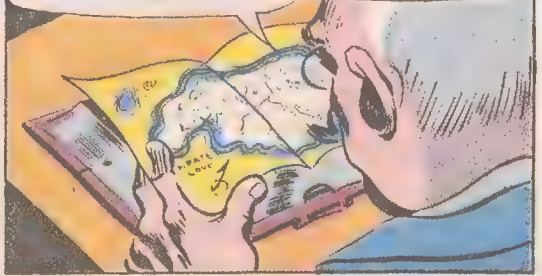


YES, WOLF MAY BE MINUS A LEG...BUT HE STILL HAS A HEAD ON HIM! PRESENTLY, AT A BOOK STORE PATRONIZED BY THE WELL-TO-DO...



THIS 200-YEAR OLD BOOK ON PIRATES LOOKS INTERESTING...

MY WORD...IT IS! IT HAS AN OLD MAP REVEALING THE LOCATION OF TREASURE BURIED ON PIRATE COVE! SO THE OLD RUMORS ABOUT CAPTAIN KIDD HAVING VISITED THE PLACE ARE TRUE!



PRESENTLY, UNAWARE THAT THIS AND OTHER COUNTLESS MAPS HAVE BEEN PLANTED BY THE SHREWD WOLF CARSON....

I WONDER HOW MUCH I'LL DIG UP TEN THOUSAND... TWENTY...



UNEXPECTEDLY...AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT FROM THE PAST!

BLAST ME PEEPERS, ME HEARTIES, LOOK WHAT THE WIND BLEW IN. A PRIZE, A FAIR PRIZE FOR THE JOLLY ROGER!



YH...PIRATES!

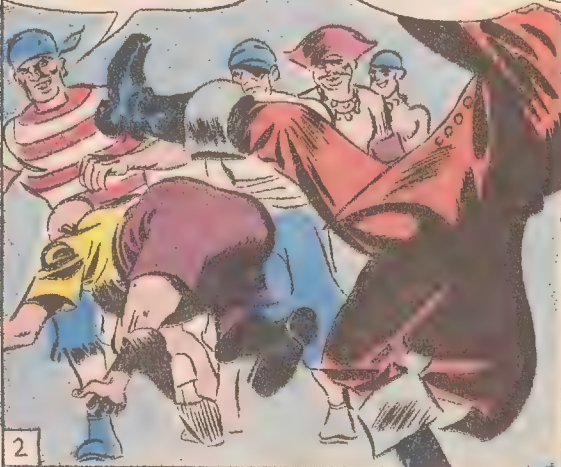
AYE, AND WE'RE AS FRIENDLY A CREW AS EVER SLIT A GIZZARD, OR SCUTTLED A SHIP!



PLEASE DON'T HURT ME!

HURT HIM, HE SAYS! WHY, WERE THE KINDEST BUCCANEERS THAT EVER MADE A MAN WALK THE PLANK!

AS WE'LL DO TO HIM IF HE OPENS HIS MOUTH TO THE KING'S OFFICERS!



TERRIFIED BY THREATS, MOST VICTIMS REMAIN SILENT. AND WHEN ONE DOES COMPLAIN...

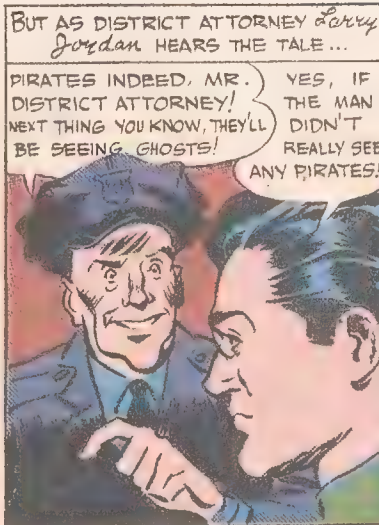
SO THE WICKED PIRATES STOLE YOUR WALLET AND WATCH, DID THEY...AND YOU WANT US TO LOCK THEM UP?





OUT OF HERE BEFORE WE LOCK YOU UP...IN THE BOOBY HATCH!

Z



BUT AS DISTRICT ATTORNEY *Larry Jordan* HEARS THE TALE...

PIRATES INDEED, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY! NEXT THING YOU KNOW, THEY'LL BE SEEING GHOSTS!

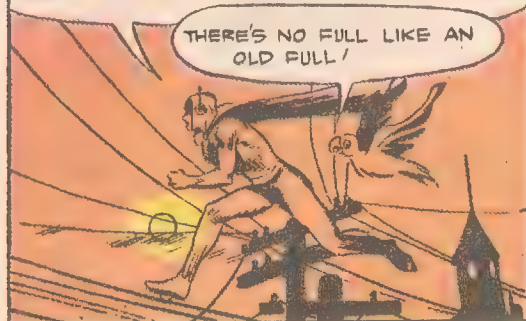
YES, IF THE MAN DIDN'T REALLY SEE ANY PIRATES!



BUT SOMEBODY STOLE HIS WATCH AND WALLET... THIS CALLS FOR A LITTLE INVESTIGATION BY AIR WAVE!

MOMENTS LATER, GARBED AS THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS, LARRY JORDAN SPEEDS ALONG A TELEGRAPH WIRE WITH HIS PROVERB - QUOTING PARROT PAL, STATIC...

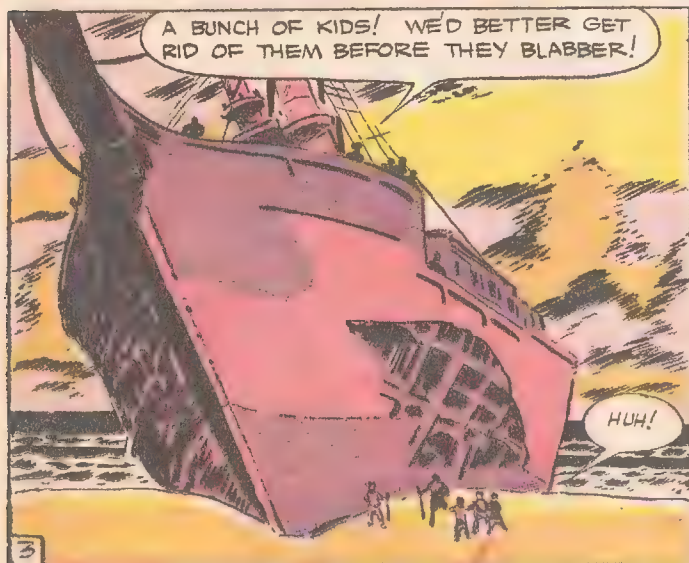
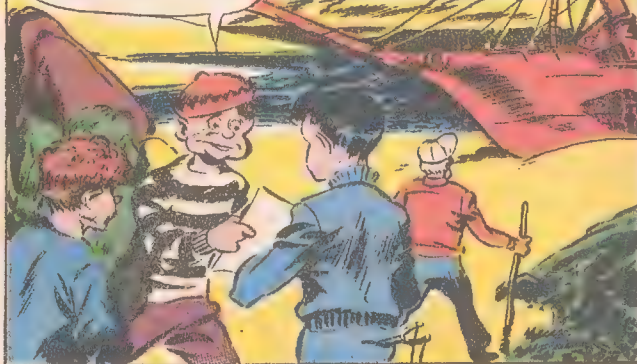
THAT OLD GALLEON ON PIRATE COVE WAS REPAIRED AND USED FOR AN EXHIBITION LAST YEAR...BY NOW IT MAY BE FULL OF CROOKS!



THERE'S NO FULL LIKE AN OLD FULL!

MEANWHILE, PIRATE COVE HAS OTHER VISITORS AS WELL...

GOSH, WE SURE WERE LUCKY! WE START COLLECTING PAPER SALVAGE---AND WE FIND THIS MAP! NOW WE'LL BE RICH!

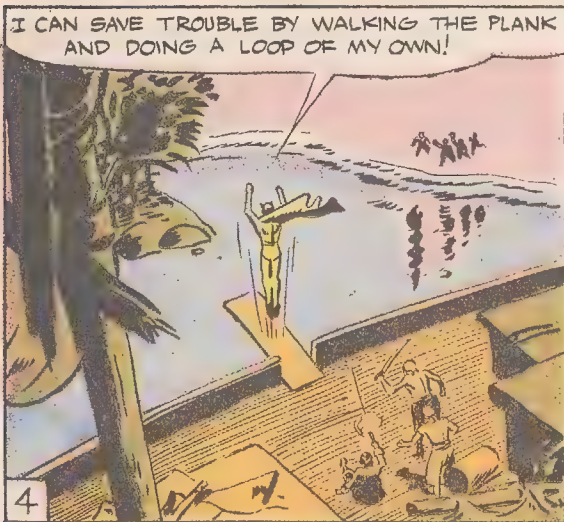
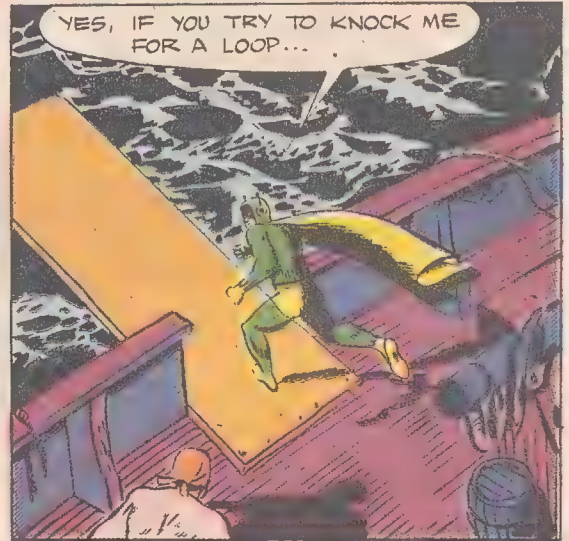
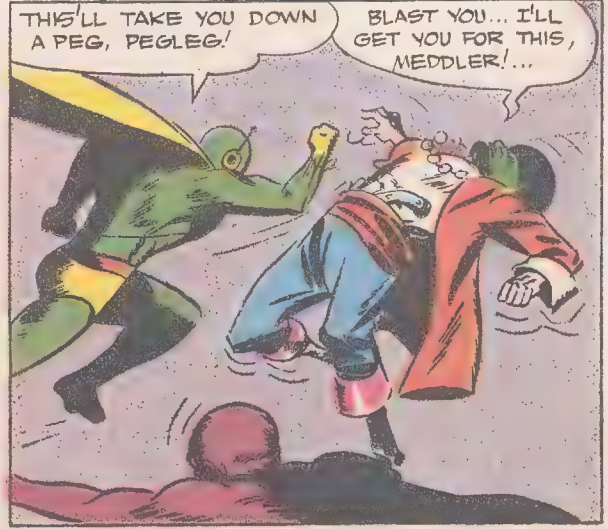


A BUNCH OF KIDS! WE'D BETTER GET RID OF THEM BEFORE THEY BLABBER!

HUH!



EASY THERE, ME HEARTY BUCCANEERS-- YOU'VE GOT AIR WAVE TO BUCK NOW!



BUT AT LEAST WE GOT HIS PARROT! THINK I'LL KEEP THE CREATURE AS A PET!

A PIRATE PROPOSES...AND AIR WAVE DISPOSES!



BLAST THE DOG... I'LL SWING HIM FROM THE YARDARM IF HE DARES RETURN!

BLAST THE DOG!
BLAST THE DOG!



LISTEN TO THAT, CAPTAIN --- HE BEGINS TO PICK UP YOUR LANGUAGE THE MINUTE HE'S YOURS!

AYE, HE'S A QUICK BIRD... BUT NEVER MIND HIM NOW!



WE'VE STILL GOT UNFINISHED BUSINESS WITH THOSE BRATS... LUCKY THEY DIDN'T ESCAPE WHEN AIR WAVE HORNED IN!

I'VE BEEN GUARDIN' THEM, CAPTAIN! WE CAN DISPOSE OF THEM AS YOU WILL!



HMM, I'VE GOT TO HELP THE KIDS --- BUT WITH THOSE RATS ON WATCH, IT WON'T BE EASY. I'VE GOT TO MAKE THEM DROP THEIR GUARD SOMEHOW!

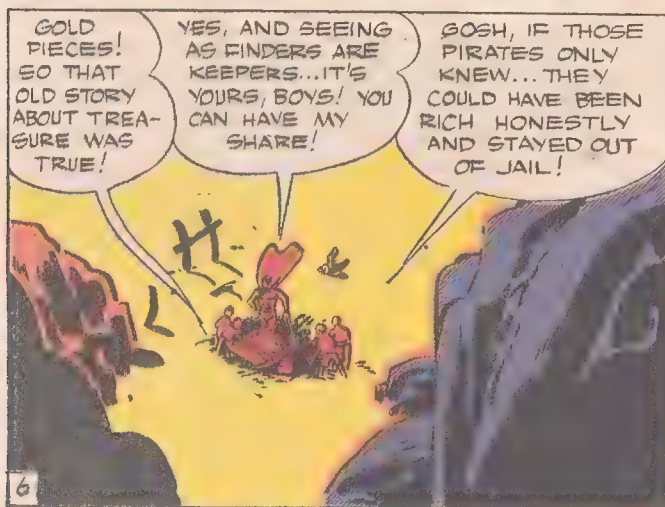
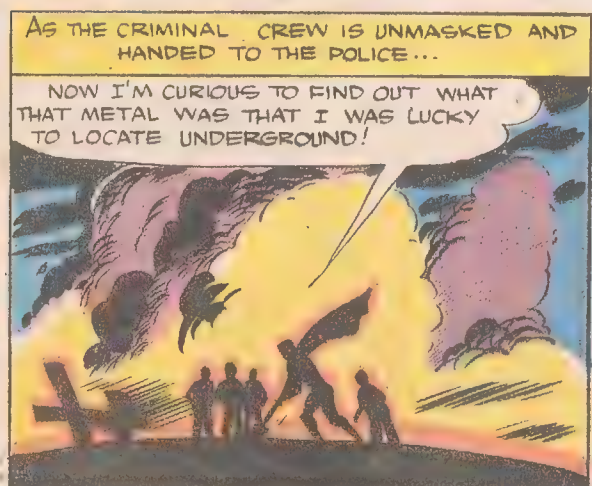
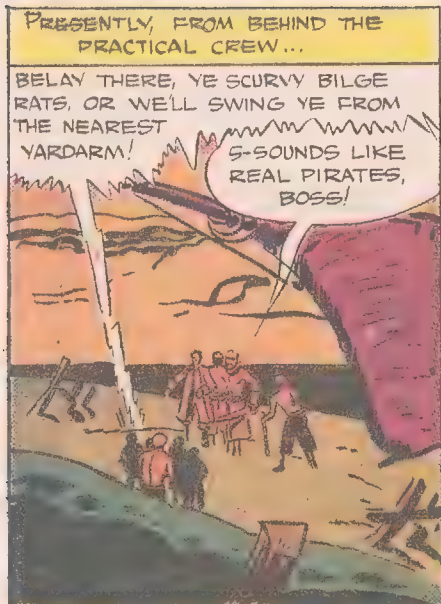


I COULD BROADCAST MY VOICE TO THEIR GUNS OR CUTLASSES...BUT THAT WOULDN'T MAKE THEM TURN AROUND, AND THEY'D STILL FACE ME AS I LEAPED AT THEM!



I'LL HAVE TO FIND SOME METAL BEHIND THEM...EITHER ON THE GROUND OR UNDER IT...





A Swell **NEW** Series of

COMIC BUTTONS

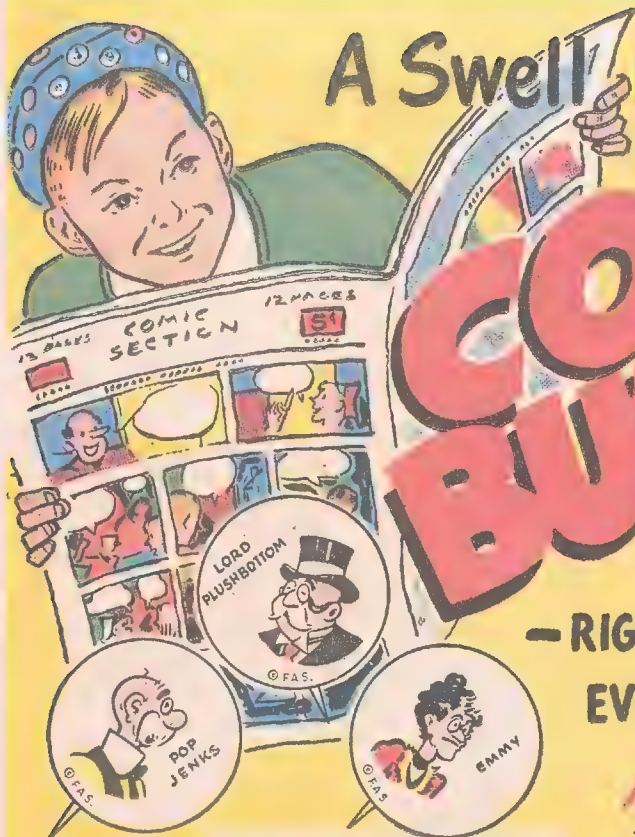
ONE OF YOUR FAVORITES
— RIGHT FROM THE FUNNIES — IN
EVERY PACKAGE OF **PEP**

NEW METAL PIN-ON BUTTONS

Boy, oh boy! Kellogg's PEP has come out with another entirely new series of keen comic buttons! 18 famous characters, right out of the funny papers! And, man, are they on the beam for pinning on beanies, jackets and sweaters!

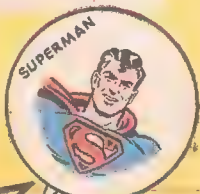
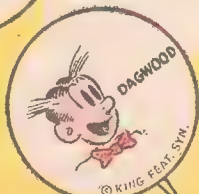
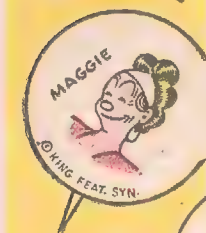
COLLECT 'EM and SNAP 'EM!

Start building this new collection *right away!* All you have to do is to ask your Mom to get a package of super-delicious Kellogg's PEP! Open the package—and there, attached to cardboard, is your prize pin-on button—printed in bright colors on a white enamel background. What fun you'll have building your collection—trading with the other kids in your neighborhood! So get busy, and be the first to get all 18 of these new prizes!



18 MORE OF YOUR FAVORITE COMIC CHARACTERS

Baghead	Pop Jenks
Blunder	Junior Tracy
Biggs	Don Winslow
Blippi	Black Willie
Bugs	Emmy
Earl	Lord Plushbottom
Exposé	Pip Winkle
Old Red	Andy Gump
Little King	Superman



**LISTEN TO
SUPERMAN**

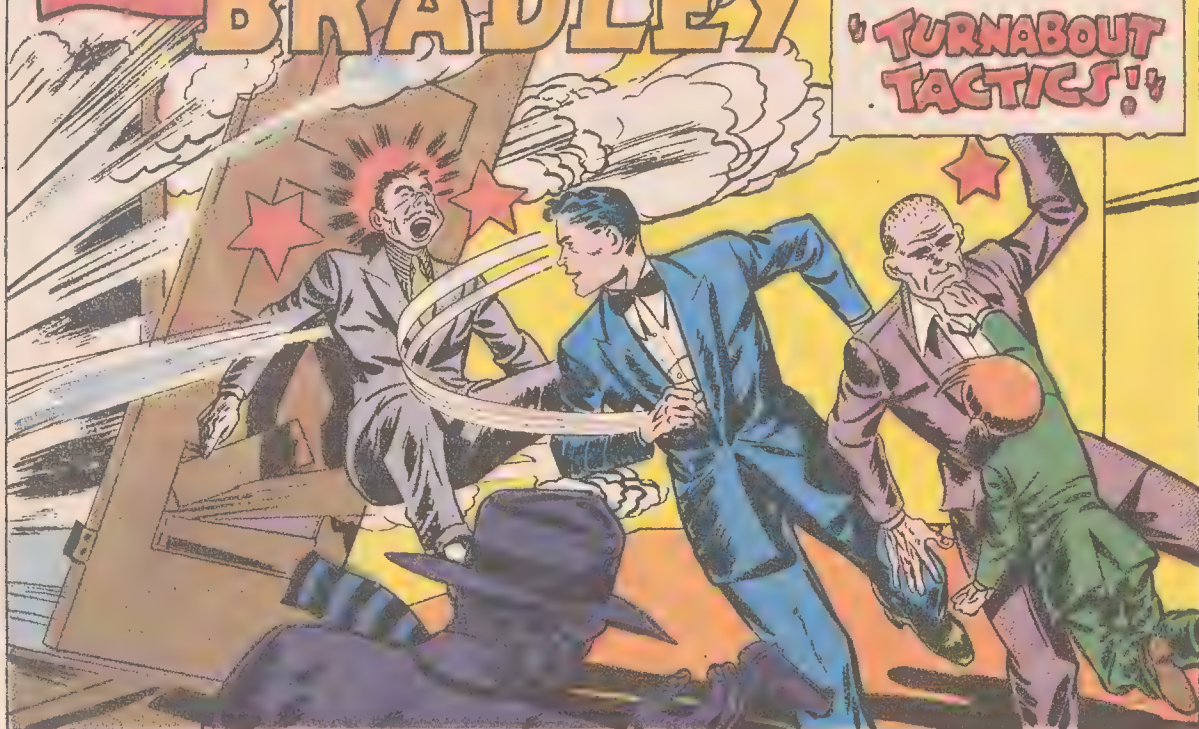
Tune in every day,
Monday through Friday,
and follow the exciting
adventures of Superman.
See your local paper
for time and station.



SLAM BRADLEY

WHEN AN UNSCRUPULOUS HOODLUM SEEKS REVENGE ON GOTHAM'S HARD-HITTING, WISE CRACKING DETECTIVES, SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN, THE TWO PRIVATE OPERATIVES GO INTO SOME FAST AND FURIOUS...

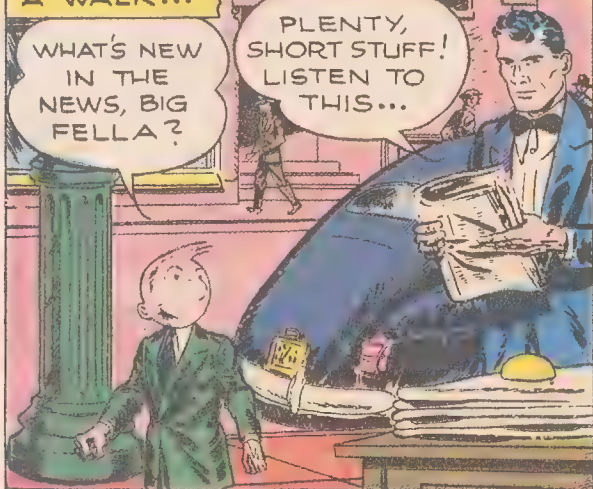
TURNABOUT TACTICS!!



HERE ARE SLAM AND SHORTY OUT FOR A WALK...

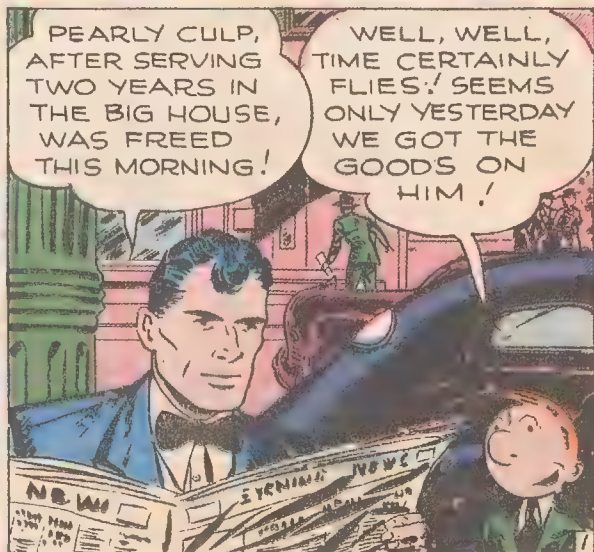
WHAT'S NEW IN THE NEWS, BIG FELLA?

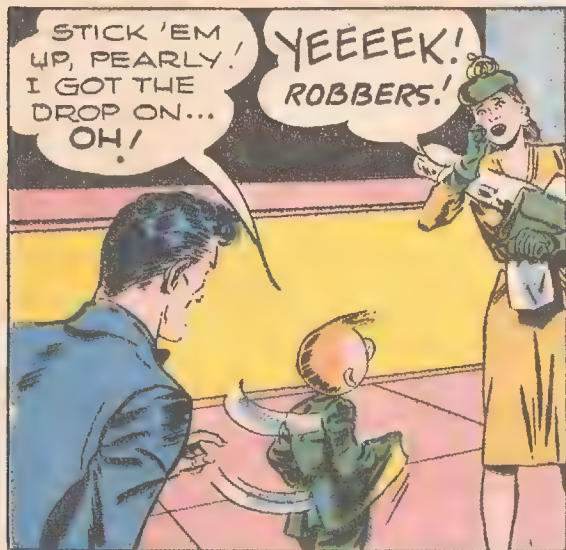
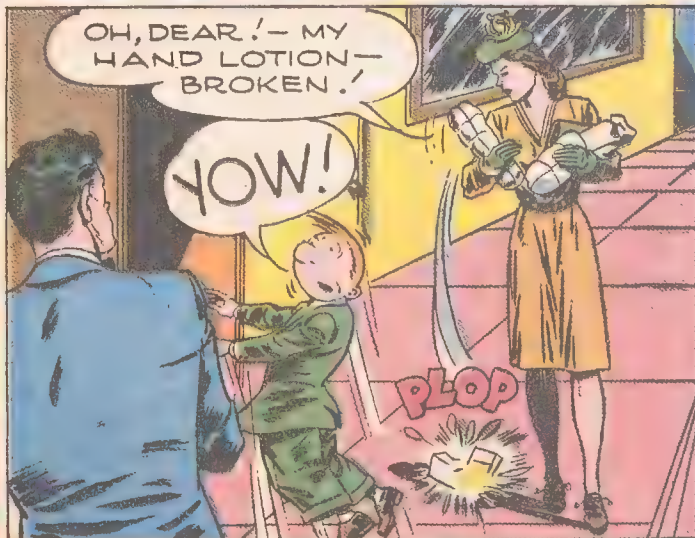
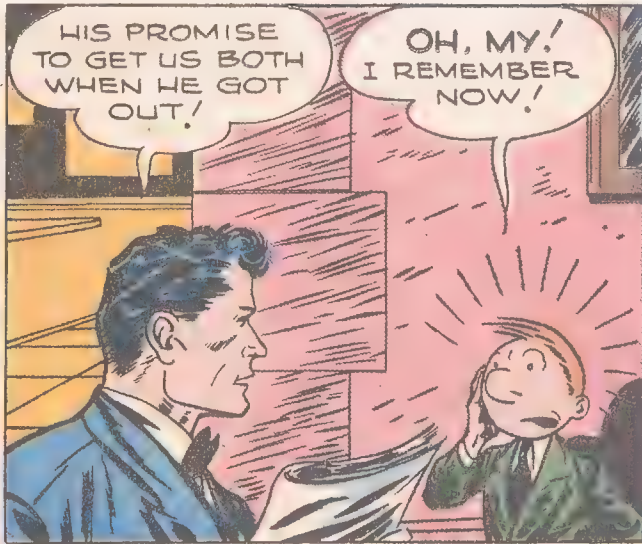
PLENTY, SHORT STUFF! LISTEN TO THIS...

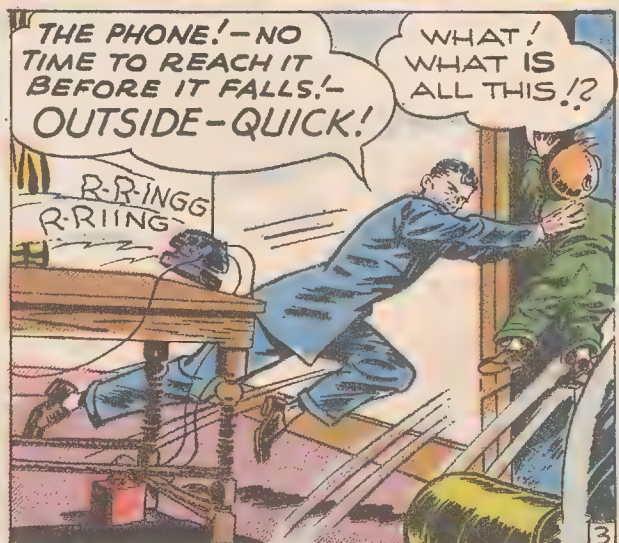
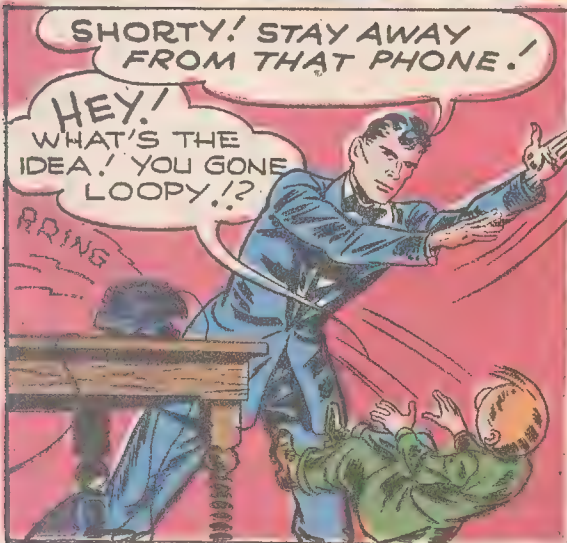
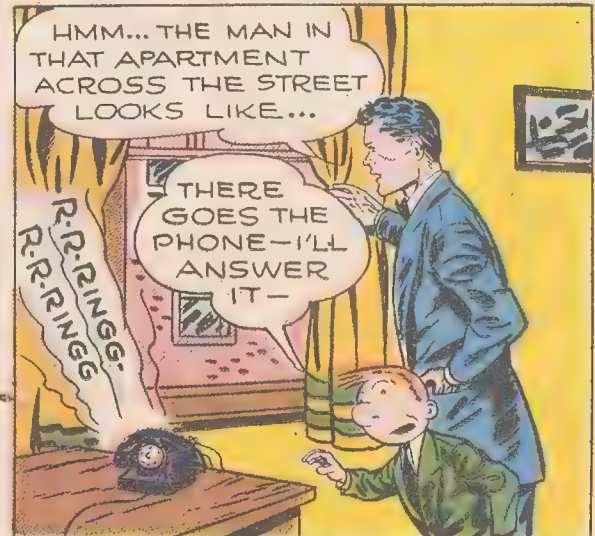
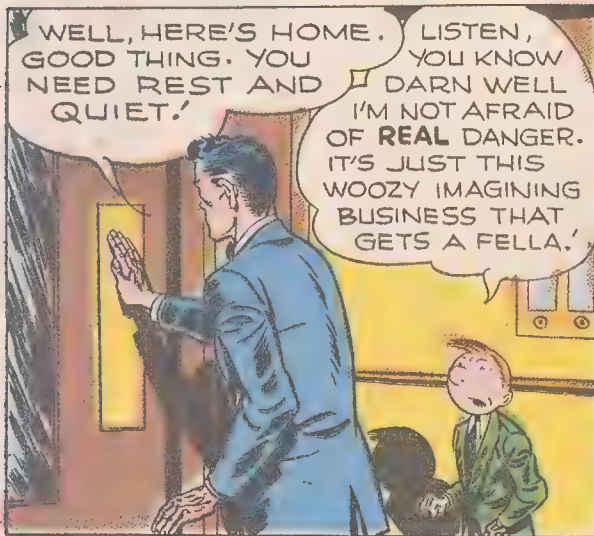
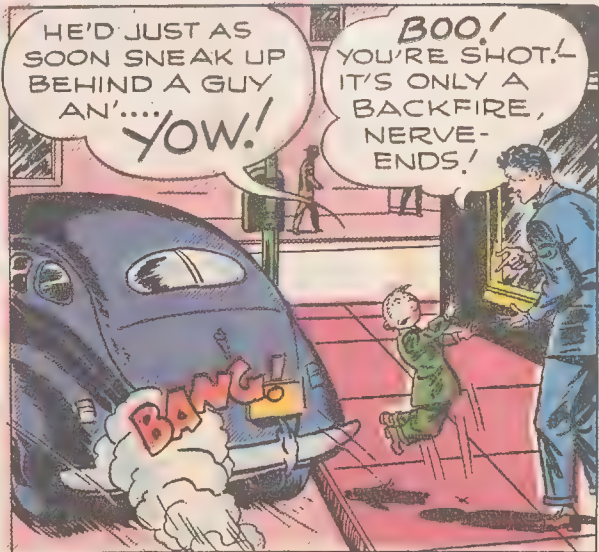
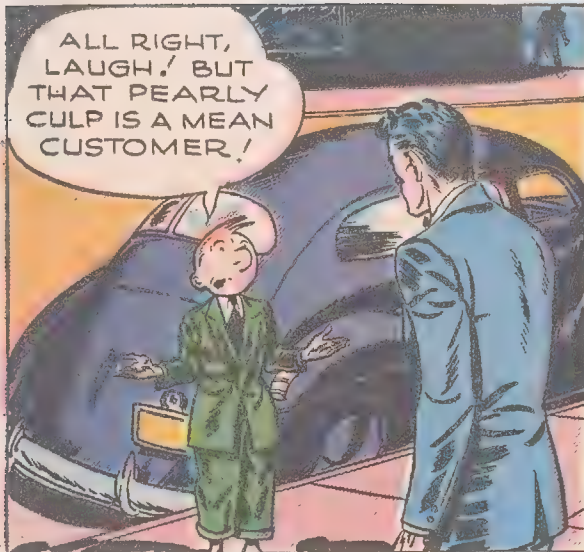


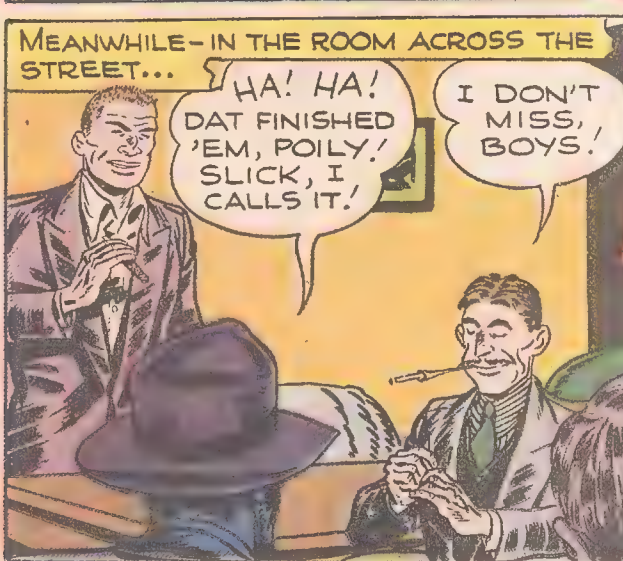
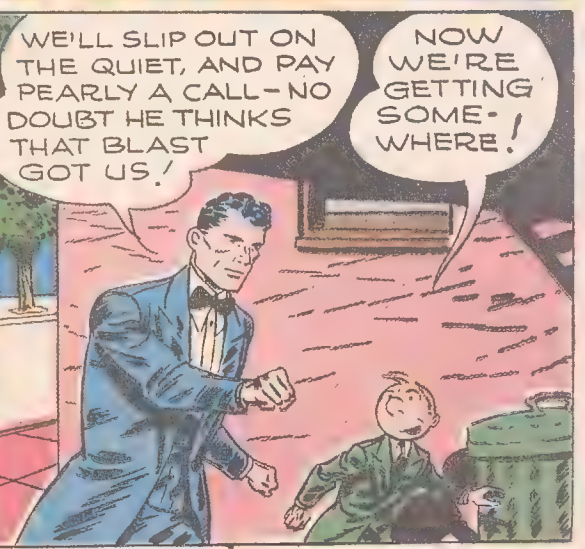
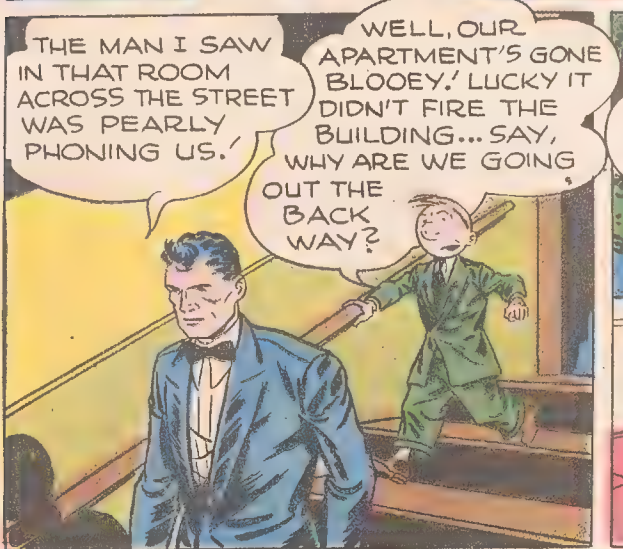
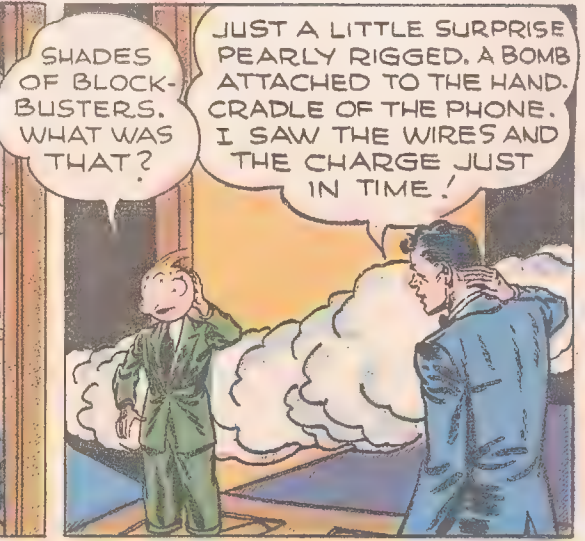
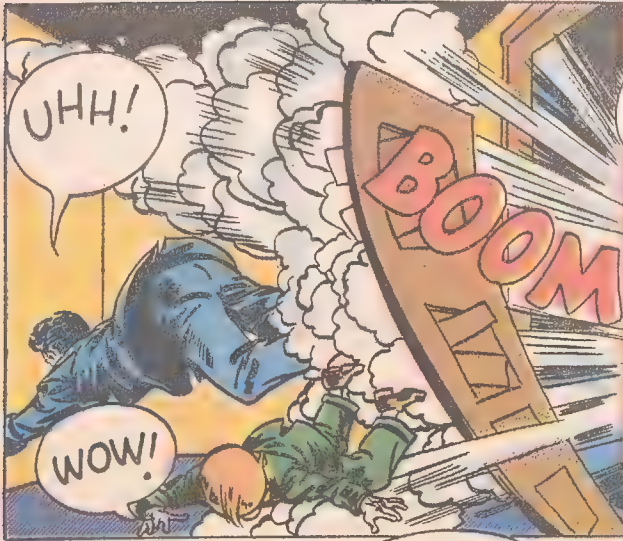
PEARLY CULP, AFTER SERVING TWO YEARS IN THE BIG HOUSE, WAS FREED THIS MORNING!

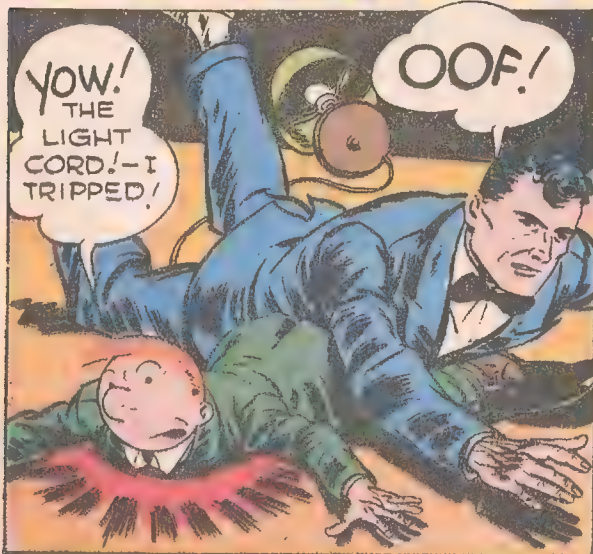
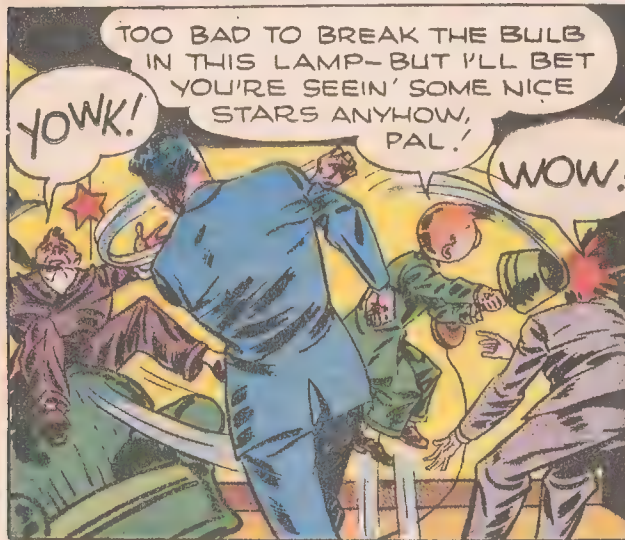
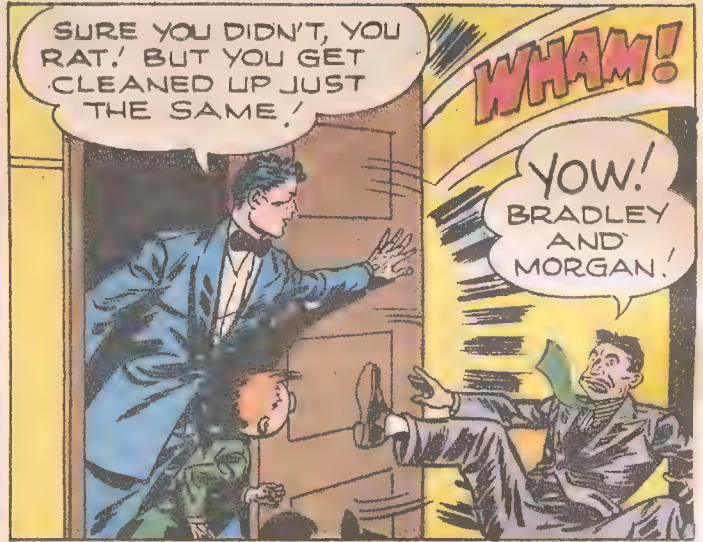
WELL, WELL, TIME CERTAINLY FLIES! SEEMS ONLY YESTERDAY WE GOT THE GOODS ON HIM!

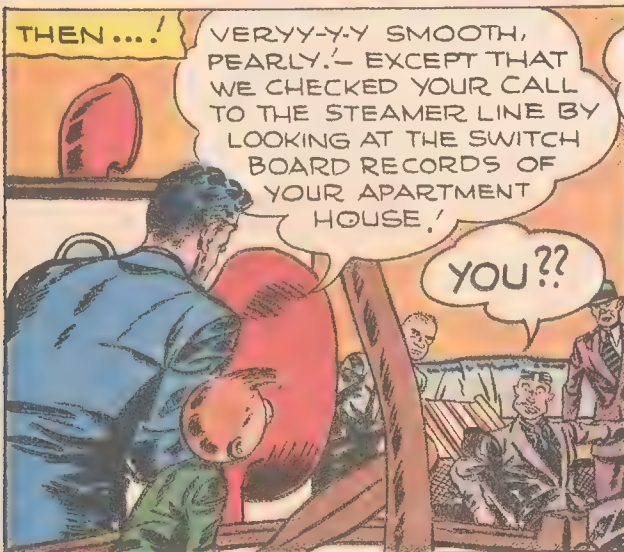
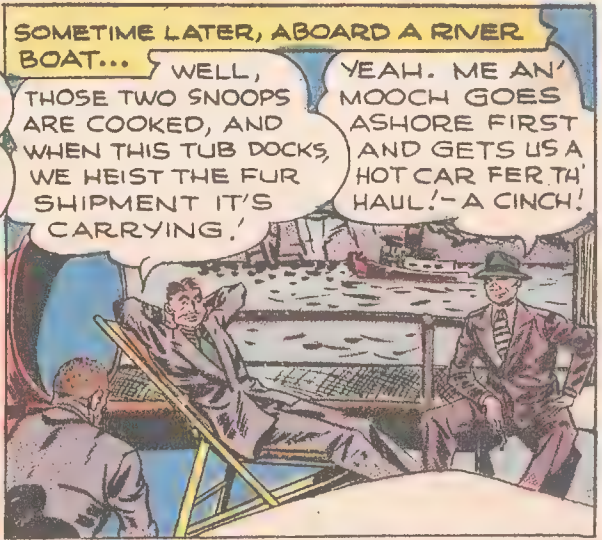
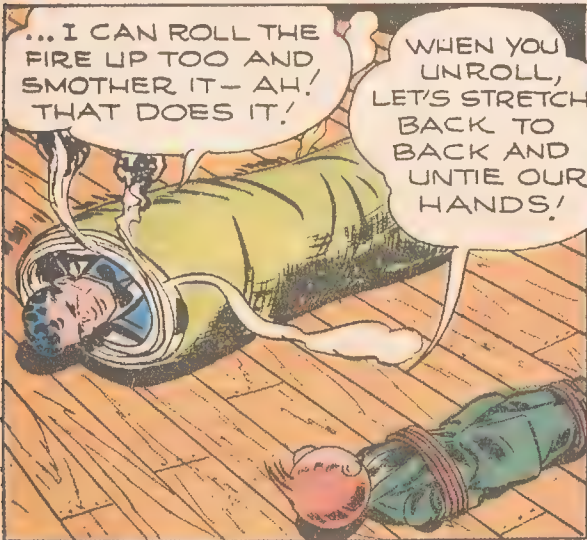
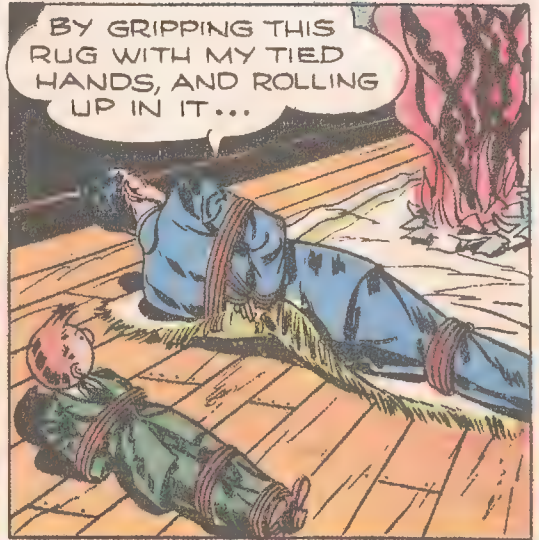
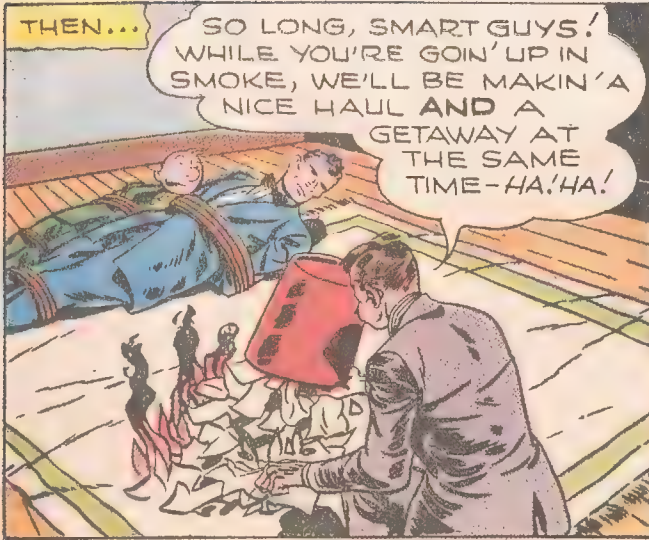


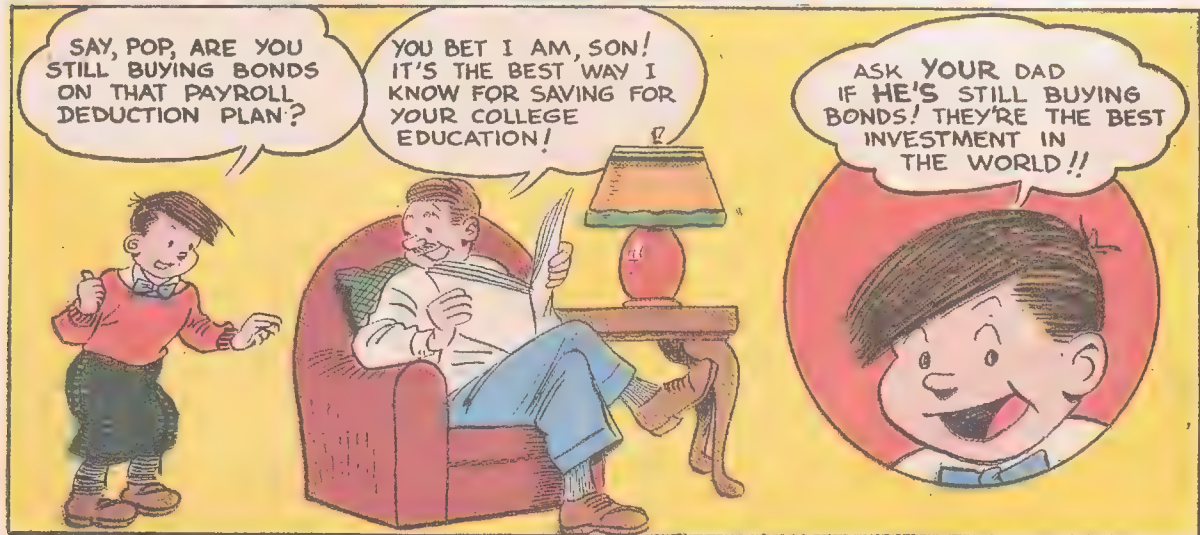
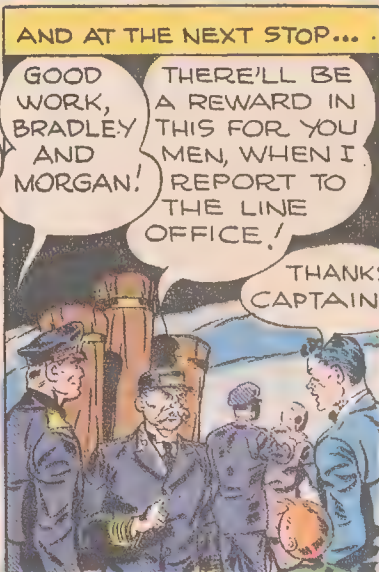
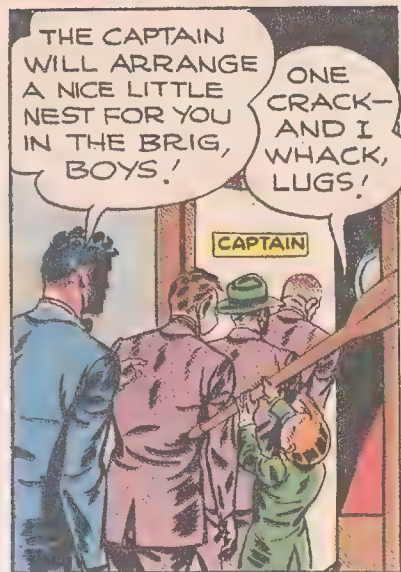
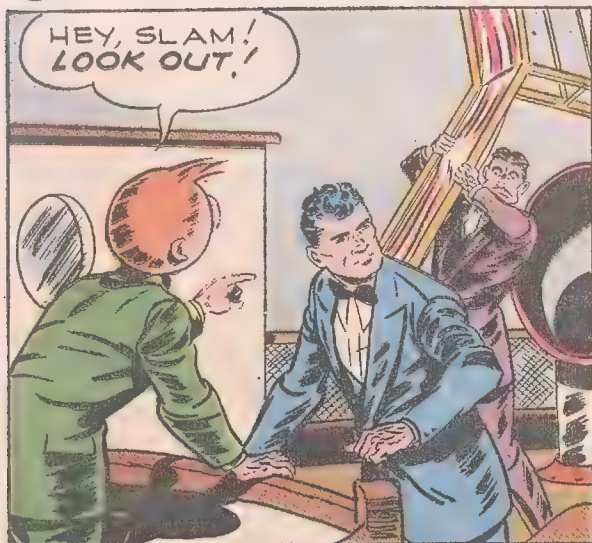












SOFT TOUCH

by

Al Martin

BINGHAM'S was jammed with shoppers who pressed and pushed and tugged through all seven floors of the department store. The Christmas rush was on in earnest, as a war-freed cavalcade of buyers clamored to buy out the store.

Caught in the maelstrom of present-buying humanity, Willie Barlow allowed himself to be swallowed up by it. He was in no hurry. He liked crowds. Crowds were his business, for Willie Barlow was a pickpocket.

Only, just now he didn't dare pick pockets.

Outside, somewhere on Herald Square lurked his arch-foe, Detective Pat McGeehan, crack man of the Pickpocket Squad. Pat was an extremely formidable enemy, and Willie Barlow had no desire to cross handcuffs with him. Hence, he had taken refuge here in Bingham's, having seen the detective before the latter spotted him.

And with Pat McGeehan close around, Willie Barlow was not going to operate. Miserable, he moved along with the crowd, an outcast in a law-abiding crowd of humanity.

"This is a fine how-do-you-do," the disconsolate Willie said, moving with the crowd toward one of the many spacious elevators. "With the biggest, money-carrying crowds in years, I don't dare lift a poke, or palm a leather! For one little slip, and McGeehan would be on me like a plague of locusts. But I've just got to get a soft touch someplace."

But, the lonesome, larcenous Willie Barlow decided, he'd not

make a touch in the vicinity of Herald Square. Not today. "Maybe I ought to move to another town," he thought, "and get me a fresh start." However, Willie Barlow had plied his pilfering trade from coast-to-coast, and few towns of any size did not know of him.

"Third floor," the elevator operator said. "Toys, books, games, children's clothing. Getting off please."

"Hey, quit shoving me!" A fat woman, her arms filled with parcels, had been standing behind Willie Barlow, who, in the pressure of the crowded elevator, had been shoved back against her. Now, she pushed forward and the slight Willie Barlow felt himself propelled onto the third floor.

"Something I can show you, sir?" A cute girl stood before him.

Willie Barlow shook his head. He'd better get out of here. The toy department was no place for a respectable pickpocket. That, though, was not as easily done as said. The place was jammed with milling kids and proud parents, and they were lined up awaiting elevators.

Willie Barlow leaned against a pole and waited for an elevator. It was then that he first caught sight of Santa Claus. "A phony," Willie Barlow thought, his lip curling. "Strictly a phony. Those kids sure fall for anything."

Being far more practical than romantic, Willie Barlow looked at the Santa Claus and his audience—and suddenly there came to him an idea of such

magnitude as to take his breath away. His eyes lighted; his nostrils dilated, and he felt a pounding in his heart that almost stifled him.

His burning eyes watched the progress of Santa Claus, weaving his weighty way through the crowd, stopping to nod his head, to pat a child, and to smile cheerily while glowing parents looked on. There were none who questioned Santa Claus's progress, for he was a bearer of radiant cheer, of good things to come! "Yep," said Willie Barlow, his eyes narrowing. "There's nobody bothering him. Not even Detective McGeehan!" Willie Barlow trembled with excitement. Here, as though by some Christmas miracle, was the soft touch he had been seeking!

Now he looked upon the scene with a detached, professional eye. Just one day with this crowd and he'd have the best haul of wallets and pocket-books he'd ever made. "A soft touch," breathed Willie Barlow, happily, "I've got it!" He smiled to himself as he looked upon the happy faces of his future victims. Just let Detective McGeehan try to figure this one out!

He stayed on the floor for another hour. It was almost closing time when he left, and hurried to the employees entrance. There was only one thing troubling him—Did this Santa Claus wear his uniform home?

Willie Barlow, around Yuletide, had seen men dressed in Santa Claus costumes using the subway. They were always old

men and, Willie Barlow thought, eccentric. But would this man be one of those?

He almost shouted for joy when, at precisely 6:10, his eye caught the bright red of a Santa Claus costume leaving Bing-ham's. It was the professional Kris Kringle himself, going home in his uniform!

And it was almost childishly easy to follow him. Willie Barlow never left the man from the time he departed from the store until Santa Claus went into a rooming house on the East Side.

Ten minutes later, Willie Barlow, too, had a room in that house. And it wasn't long before he knew his intended victim's name was Gustave Bohm. And that Gustave lived alone. He was a widower. "He's a fine old man," the landlady had said, sighing. "The store hires him every year for its Santa Claus. It makes him happy to see so many people, the poor man. He's alone so much, with nobody to talk to."

"Oh, yes," Willie Barlow had agreed. "I like crowds too. How much is the rent?"

Morning found Willie Barlow up early, very early. And when Gustave Bohm turned the key in his door, intending to lock it and start for work, Willie hit him across the back of the neck. Without a murmur, the old man sank to the floor.

Willie Barlow dragged him into the room. It was an ordinary room, an old man's room, smelling of pipe smoke and soap.

Willie Barlow placed the old man on the bed and carefully removed the Santa Claus costume, grunting as he did so. The old man had carefully sewed pillows onto the inside of the bright red coat. These Willie left in, with the exception of one pillow, for which he substituted a pillow slip. This he intended to use to deposit his loot. Then, bringing out the rope with which he had care-

fully provided himself the evening before, Willie Barlow bound and gagged his victim.

This much must be said for Willie Barlow—he had no intention of harming his victim. Tonight, he would return not as Santa Claus, but as Willie Barlow. He would release the man. Or, he would phone the landlady to do so.

His preparations completed, Willie Barlow, the pocketpicking Santa Claus, sallied forth on the softest touch of his lifting career.

Brazenly he went into the employees entrance of Bing-ham's, nodded good-morning, and punched the time card of Gustave Bohm! Then he went up to the toy department.

It was afternoon before Mr. Wayne, the harassed, perplexed general manager of the store literally blew his top. In the office at the time were three floor walkers and Ginley, the store detective. "I tell you something crazy is going on here!" Mr. Wayne screamed. "Everybody is losing wallets and pocketbooks! I say there's a pickpocket with more feelers than a centipede loose someplace." He turned a violent eye on Ginley. "Where is Pat McGeehan? Did he call back yet?"

Ginley mopped a worried brow. "The precinct hasn't heard from him. And he's not outside. But he'll show up." He exhaled noisily. "We'll get to the bottom of this, Mr. Wayne. I'm working floor by floor questioning all the employees, asking if they've seen any suspicious characters. I was just going up to the third floor when you called me back."

Mr. Wayne tossed a disdainful glance at Ginley, who didn't bother catching it. "Okay, okay, get out. And don't get in the thief's way," he snapped. "or he'll steal your badge."

Ginley fled, shaking his head vigorously. A retired detective, he'd never had anything like

this happen to him before. A wild gleam came into his eyes. "If I get my hands on that crook," he grated, "I'll crush him with my bare hands!" He slammed his huge paws together and the crowd in the elevator jumped at the noise. Ginley glowered.

On the third floor he doggedly pursued his unproductive questioning.

Willie Barlow, patting children on the head, saw Ginley questioning the salesgirls, and knew without being told, what was up. He planned to leave soon, anyway, for the once empty pillow case beneath his scarlet cloak was bulging with stolen wallets and pocketbooks. He stood behind Ginley, heard the latter say to a salesgirl: "You noticed any suspicious characters around, Gladys?"

"No," said the girl. "I haven't, Ginley."

The detective turned, looked at Willie Barlow.

Willie Barlow blinked, smiled. "Me, neither, Ginley," he said confidently.

And now Ginley blinked. Then his hands, huge and hairy, shot out. They clapped against Willie Barlow's shoulders, almost tearing the breath from him. "I've got him!" Ginley yelled triumphantly, a delirious gleam in his eyes. "I've got him!"

His huge hand closed around the astonished Willie Barlow's collar, and he yanked the little pickpocket almost off his feet. Down came the pillow from beneath the coat, and out tumbled the loot. Ginley whistled, looked admiringly at Willie Barlow. "What an ideal!" he enthused. "A pocketpicking Santa Claus! Just wait'll McGeehan hears about this!"

He looked reprovingly at Willie Barlow. "Too bad you didn't know that old Gus, our janitor who plays Santa Claus, is deaf and dumb!"

THREE-RING BINKS

BOOKING AGENT DE LUXE FOR
STAGE, SCREEN AND RAH-DEE-OH!

BINKS! I WANT YOU T'MEET "TWISTO", THE
GREATEST CONTORTIONIST THAT EVER CON-
TORTED EVERY JOINT IN HIS BODY INTO A PERFECT
FACSIMILE OF AN OCTUPUS BACKING OUT OF A ONE-
WAY, DEAD-END STREET! THEN AFTER SEEIN' HIS ACT
MEBBE I'LL LET YOU SWEAT YOURSELF LIMP TRYING
TO MEET OUR TERMS FOR A CONTRACT!

CHOOSE THE NEAREST EXIT,
CHUM-P! THEN **RUN**, DON'T **WALK**!
BUT BEFORE YOU SHOVE OFF I'M
GONNA TELL YOU ABOUT THE ONE
AND ONLY "BONE-GRIND" ACT I EVER
BOOKED!--AND TO MY WHOLESALE
SORROW, TOO!--**NOW, LISTEN**

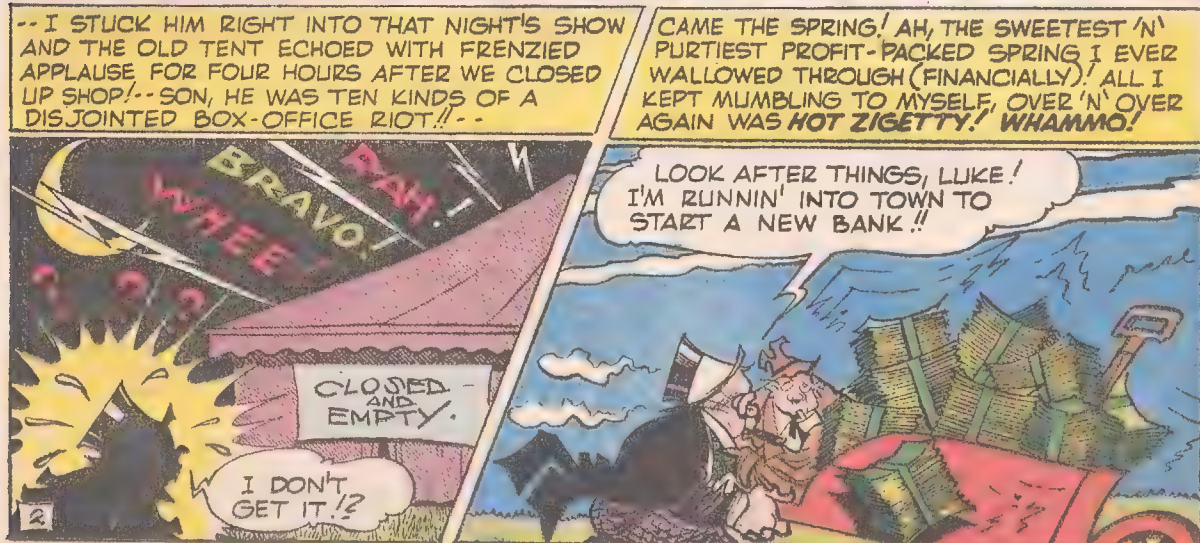
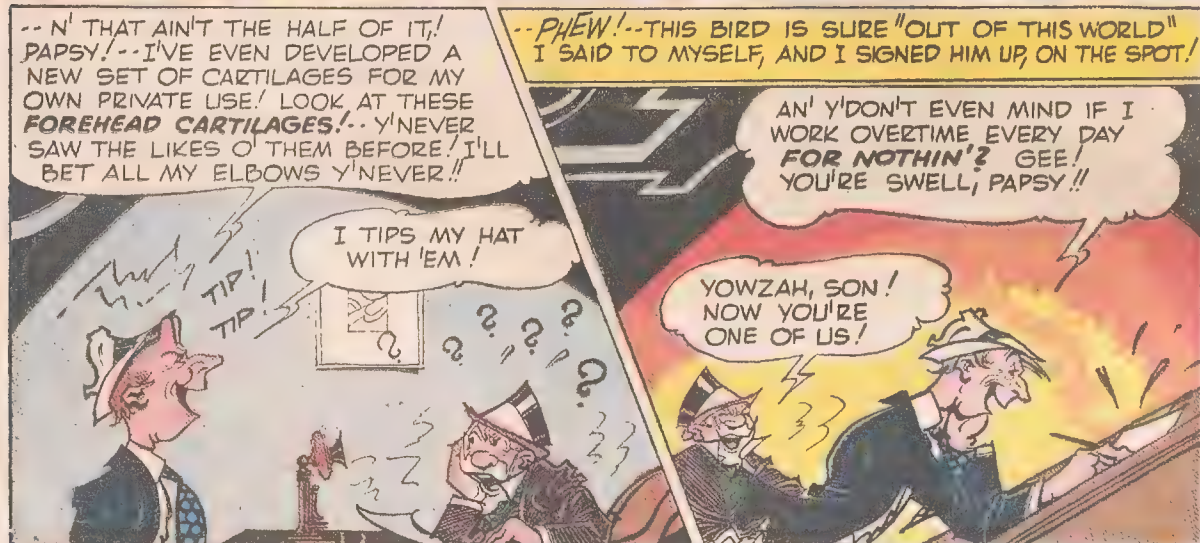
--SOME THUTTY ODD YEARS AGO A HILLBILLY
STOMPED INTO A LAST-GASP TENT SHOW I WAS
FRUSTRATING THE OZARK MOUNTAIN REGIONS
WITH, AND BRAZENLY ALLOWED THAT HE WAS--

THE NAME IS "KOKINOLA", PAPPY! AN'
I'M KNOWN FAR, WIDE, AN' HANDSOME
'ROUND THESE PARTS AS "KOKIE OF THE
SMOKIES"--**THE KARTILAGE KING!!**

SO WHAT,
KOKY?

SO THIS!--AFTER YEARS OF
INTENSIVE PRACTISE I'VE PERFECTED A
SECRET METHOD OF DISCONNECTING
AND **EXTENDING** EVERY CARTILAGE IN
MY BODY, WITH OR WITHOUT REQUEST!--
HERE'S A SAMPLE STRETCH, PAPSY!

PATTY
CAKE



--ONE OF HIS PET STUNTS, (FOR THE KIDDIES,) WAS TO "IN" OR "OUT" CARTILAGE HIMSELF INTO EVERY LETTER OF THE ALPHABET! --IT WOWED 'EM!!

--ANOTHER SURE FIRE SHOW-STOPPER WAS TO "GO ALL OUT" WITH THE NECK-- AND LIGHT HIS CIGARETTE FROM A BALCONY CUSTOMER'S SMOKE ---

I BETCHA HE CAN'T
SPELL "CAT" ALL AT ONCE
THOUGH! -- I BETCHA!!

THANKS,
CHUM!

-B

--SON, EVERY TOWN WE TOUCHED
TURNED TO PURE GOLD IN THE BOX
OFFICE TILL FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS
A LOT O' BANKS EVEN SHUT DOWN ON
US!---WOULDN'T TAKE ANY MORE!---

-ALONG ABOUT THIS TIME A STRANGE THING
HAPPENED--KOKINOLA STARTED TO GET VERY THICK
WITH HIS FORMER RIVAL,"ELASTICO",THE RUBBER
MAN.(THEY WERE BOTH ON THE **STRETCH**).--

YOU HEARD ME, BINKS!
OUTSIDE! YOU'VE GOT
OUR VAULTS ALL
CLUTTERED UP NOW!!

PRES.

--NEXT HE GOT TO PUTTIN' ON THE "SULKS"--
AUDIENCE ATTENDANCE DROPPED TO ALL-TIME
LOWS, DUE TO HIS POOR PERFORMANCES, AND I
WAS IN A FOUR-PLY DITHER!!--

--BUT NIGHT AFTER NIGHT WE'D SPOT HIM AND "ELASTICO" IN A SECRET HUDDLE --SOMETIMES UNTIL DAWN!--DOPING OUT SOME DOPE IN ELASTICO'S TENT!--

ONLY SIX CUSTOMERS??..
WELL, TRY T'SELL 'EM POPCORN,
OR PEANUTS, OR POP.' WE
GOTTA MAKE EXPENSES!!

NO!! AND I DON'T
WANT IT NEIDER!!

I DON'T GET IT,
MAC! DO YOU?

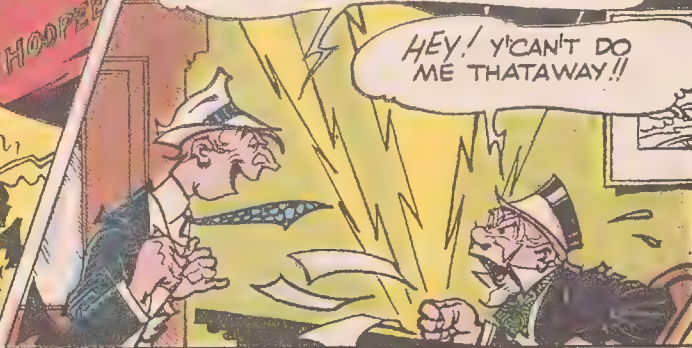
--AFTER SEVERAL MONTHS OF THESE MYSTERIOUS MEETINGS BETWEEN 'EM THEY FINALLY BROKE OUT ONE NIGHT WITH A RASH O' RIOTIN' THAT NEAR WRECKED THE HULL FAIR GROUNDS!--

--AND THE NEXT MORNING--



BOSS BINKS, I'M QUITTIN' YO' LITTLE OL' PUNCH 'N' JUDY SHOW - FLAT 'N' GOLD - AS OF NOW! AND MAH GOOD FRIEND ELASTICO'S QUITTIN' WITH ME!!

HEY! Y'CAN'T DO ME THATAWAY!!



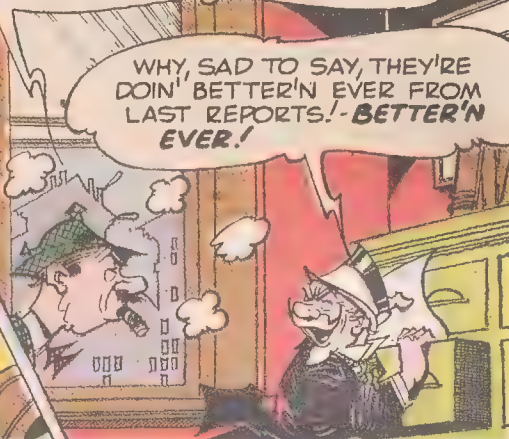
THE HIGHER BRACKETS OF MY LEARNING, ADVANCED CHEMISTRY, HAS BECKONED AND I MUST OBEY THE CALL! TOODLE-OO!!

W-WHY--Y-YOU--!!



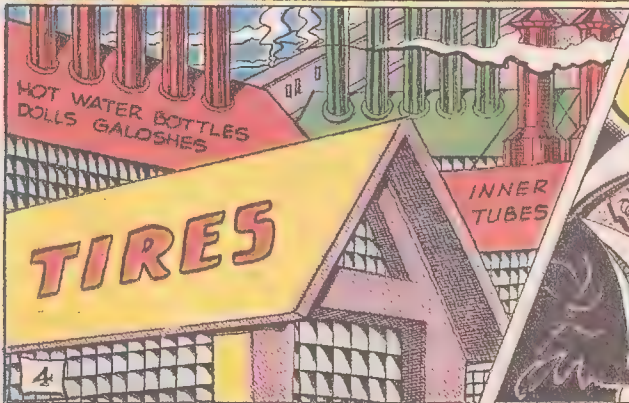
OH!--THE UNGRATEFUL INGRATES!! AND WHAT'RE THEY DOIN' NOW??

WHY, SAD TO SAY, THEY'RE DOIN' BETTER'N EVER FROM LAST REPORTS! -BETTER'N EVER!

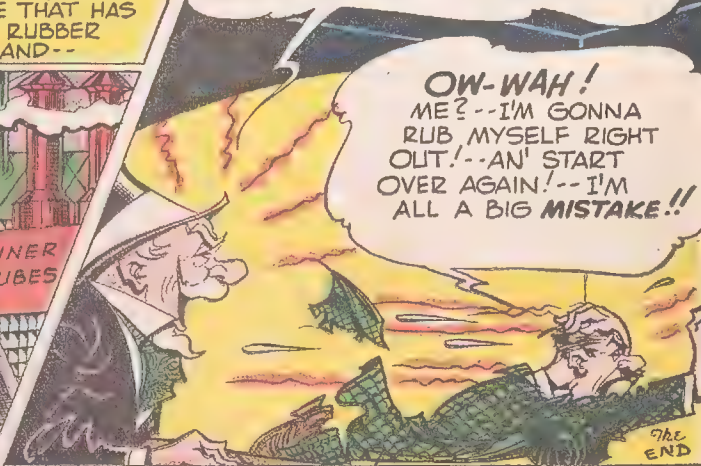


--SEEMS THAT AFTER ALL THOSE MONTHS OF SECRET "HUDDLING" THOSE TWO RUBBERIZED FREAKS, - WITH A DASH OF FIRST PRIMER CHEMISTRY, CON- COCTED A SYNTHETIC RUBBER TISSUE THAT HAS REVOLUTIONIZED THE ENTIRE WORLD'S RUBBER INDUSTRY! THEY'RE MAKIN' MILLIONS--AND--

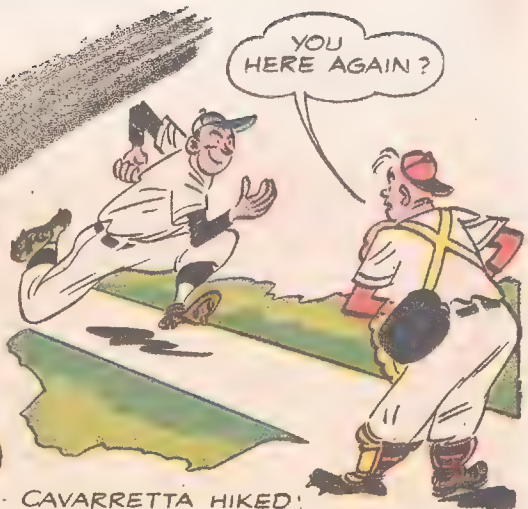
HEY?..HEH-HEH-HEH! WHERE Y'HEADIN', CHUM?



OW-WAH! ME?--I'M GONNA RUB MYSELF RIGHT OUT!--AN' START OVER AGAIN!--I'M ALL A BIG MISTAKE!!



THE END



CAVARRETTA HIKED!
HIS CHAMPIONSHIP HITTING
PACE FOR THE 1945 WORLD'S SERIES
--LED BOTH CUBS AND TIGERS
WITH A BOOMING .423

Phil CAVARRETTA

BATTING CHAMPION OF 1945, HE HIT
.355 FOR THE CHICAGO CUBS

I EAT MY
WHEATIES



PHIL WAS A CUB REGULAR AT 17.
PLAYED IN THE WORLD'S SERIES
HIS FIRST YEAR UP

"I LEAD OFF WITH
LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT,
AND WHEATIES,
'BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS' EVERY
MORNING," SAYS
CHAMPION PHIL
CAVARRETTA. "I LIKE
WHEATIES SO MUCH
IF THEY'RE NOT AT
THE TABLE EVERY
DAY, I RAISE A
RUCKUS AT MY
HOUSE."

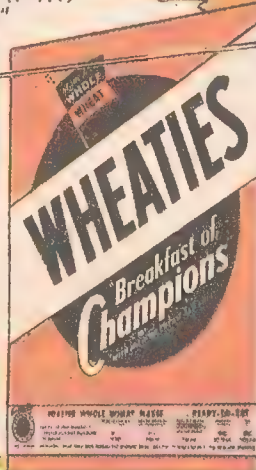
I WANT MY
WHEATIES



WANT TO BE A
BASEBALL CHAMPION?



EXPERT COACHING HELPED
PERFECT PHIL'S BATTING
PUNCH. BIG LEAGUE BATTING
CHAMPIONS TELL YOU HOW TO
DEVELOP CHAMPION HITTING
FORM IN "WANT TO BE A
BASEBALL CHAMPION?"--NEW
32-PAGE BASEBALL MANUAL. USE
COUPON ON WHEATIES PACKAGE
TO GET YOUR COPY



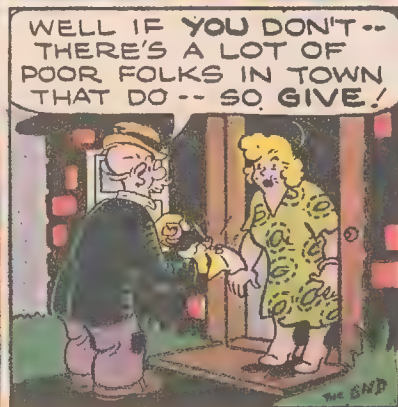
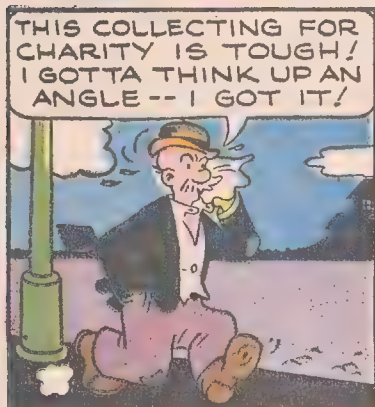
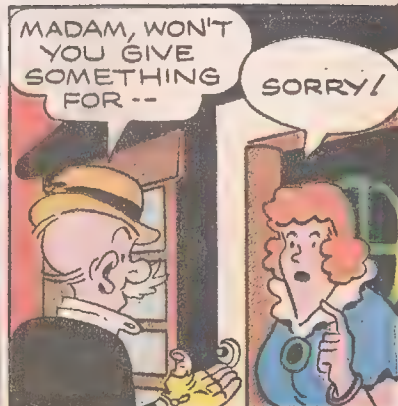
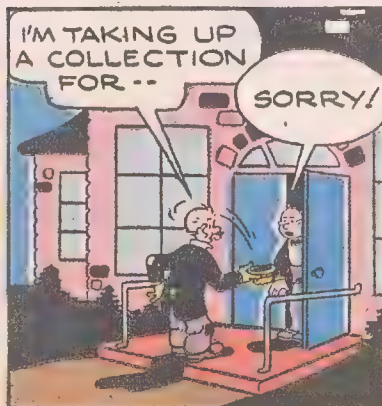
SEE YOUR
WHEATIES
PACKAGE



SCUFFY

THE TRAMP

BIT WIN



Advertisement

IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

I'M BATTY ABOUT DUBBLE BUBBLE...IT'S THE BEST TASTING, CHEWIEST GUM!

C'MON 'SKINNY, RAP OUT A HOME RUN!

RAP? THAT REMINDS ME...EVERY PIECE OF DUBBLE BUBBLE IS WRAPPED IN A SHEET OF FUNNIES

A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME--FLEER'S CANDY COATED GUM IS GOOD, TOO.

I'M FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES

THAT'S 'CAUSE BUBBLES ARE SO EASY TO MAKE WITH DUBBLE BUBBLE

AW, HE COULDN'T CATCH A COLD!

CATCH IT!

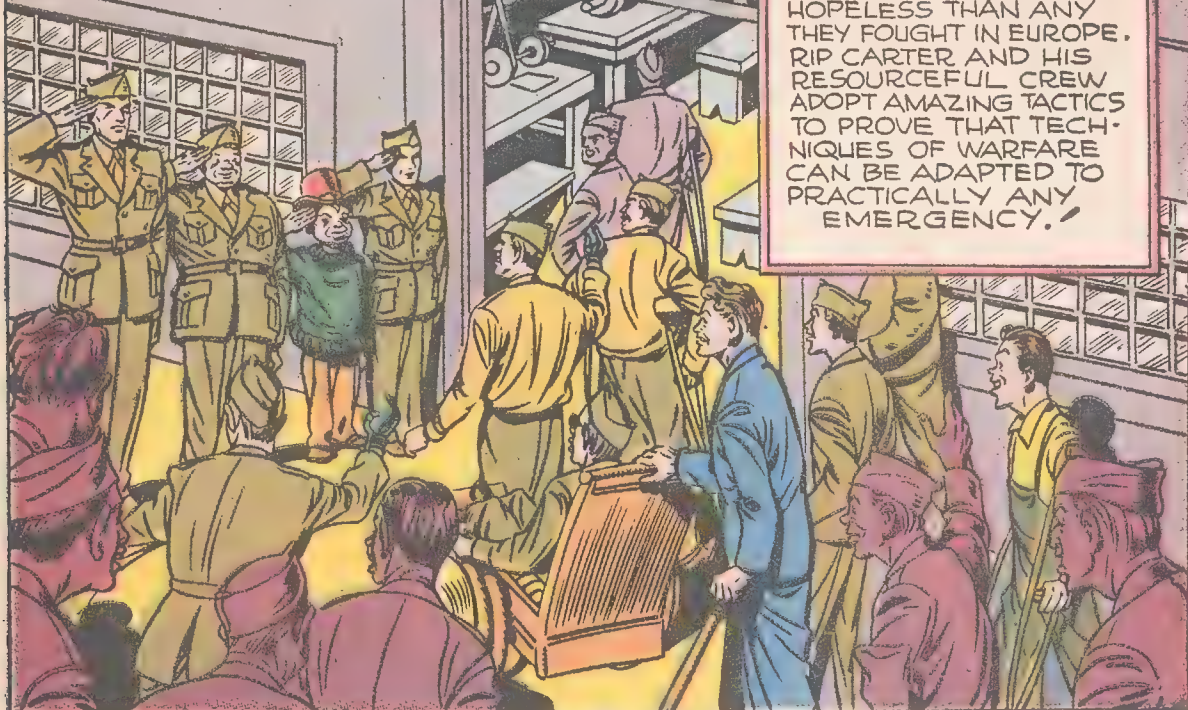
DUBBLE BUBBLE

The G.I. COMMANDOS

in
**"RECONVERSION
FOR RATS!"**

G.I. ENTERPRISE, INC.

MECHANICAL LIMBS AND PLASTIC EYES CAN'T STOP A GALLANT GROUP OF G.I. HEROES WHO BAND TOGETHER TO LICK THE PROBLEM OF POSTWAR JOBS. BUT WHEN GANGSTERS' GUNS THREATEN THEIR THRIVING COOPERATIVE VENTURE, THE BATTLE SEEMS MORE HOPELESS THAN ANY THEY FOUGHT IN EUROPE. RIP CARTER AND HIS RESOURCEFUL CREW ADOPT AMAZING TACTICS TO PROVE THAT TECHNIQUES OF WARFARE CAN BE ADAPTED TO PRACTICALLY ANY EMERGENCY.



BILL MARTIN, WAR HERO, RETURNS HOME - TO FIND HIS FORMER BOSS UNIMPRESSED BY HIS DECORATIONS, CITATIONS AND PLASTIC LEG.

TOO BAD YOU LOST A LEG, MARTIN. YOU USED TO BE TOPS IN THE ELECTRICAL GAME.

USED TO BE, RODER? YOU MEAN I'M OUT BECAUSE I LOST A LEG FIGHTING TO KEEP MEN LIKE YOU IN BUSINESS?

RODER ELECTRICAL COMPANY

OH, WE'LL FIT YOU IN SOMEWHERE! BUT YOUR OLD JOB IS FILLED-

SKIP IT! I'LL FIND A WAY TO SUPPORT MY FAMILY AND KEEP MY SELF-RESPECT, TOO!

UNDER THE G.I. BILL, I CAN FORCE RODER TO GIVE ME MY OLD JOB - BUT WHO WANTS TO WORK WHERE HE ISN'T WANTED!

SAME HERE! IF ONLY I COULD START A SMALL BUSINESS...

A BUSINESS? THAT'S IT! WE'LL MAKE OUR OWN JOBS!

OTHER G.I.s GET THE SAME DEAL FROM RODER...

WE KNOW THE ELECTRICAL BUSINESS! LET'S START A FACTORY, AND HIRE G.I.s ON A COOPERATIVE BASIS!

WE CAN BORROW MONEY TO START ON, UNDER THE G.I. BILL OF RIGHTS!

THE PLAN ATTRACTS OTHER DISABLED G.I.s, AND -

THIS ABANDONED MILL ISN'T MUCH OF A PLACE TO START!

DON'T WORRY! WE'LL HAVE BETTER QUARTERS BEFORE LONG, BILL!

AS FOR THE OWNER OF THE RODER ELECTRICAL COMPANY...

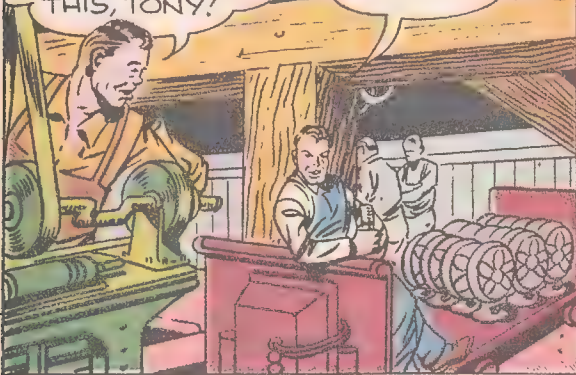
RIDICULOUS! A BUNCH OF CRIPPLES TRYING TO COMPETE WITH A FIRM LIKE MINE! THEY'LL SURELY FAIL!

G.I. ELECTRICAL COMPANY
DISABLED VETERANS, PROPS.

BUT WHAT THE SELF-RELIANT VETS LACK IN STYLE, THEY MAKE UP IN ENTHUSIASM!

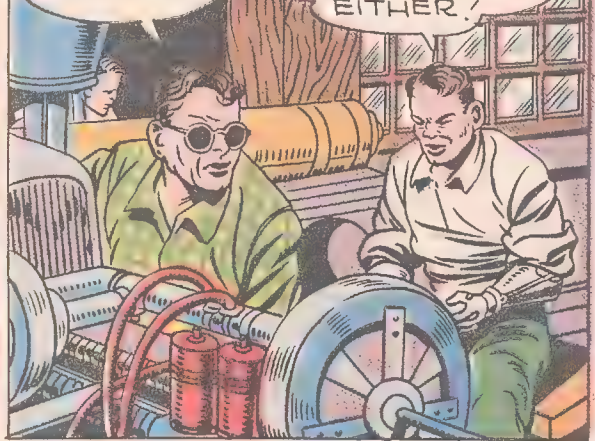
YOU DON'T NEED TWO HANDS WITH A MACHINE LIKE THIS, TONY!

SAY—THIS TRUCK'S EVEN BETTER THAN MY WHEEL CHAIR!



I'M TURNING OUT MORE METERS NOW THAN I DID BEFORE THE WAR!

YEAH— MY ARTIFICIAL HANDS HAVEN'T SLOWED ME UP MUCH, EITHER!



NOR ARE THE WOUNDED VETS ALONE IN THEIR FIGHT— MOST OF BELLEVILLE IS BEHIND THEM!

NICE TO SEE THEM BOYS OVERCOMING THEIR BAD LUCK, EH, BANKER HODGES?

YES, JIM! I TOLD 'EM MY BANK WOULD BACK THEM— BUT MARTIN SAID THEY'LL GET ALONG ON THEIR OWN!

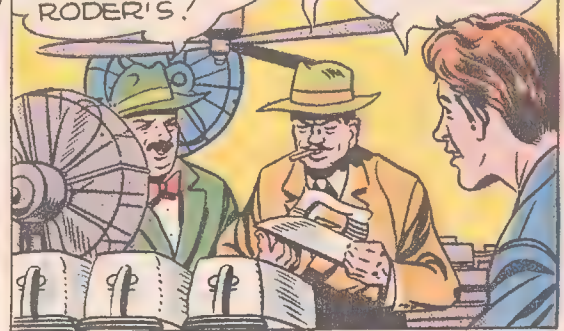


SO ARE BUYERS FROM OUT-OF-TOWN FIRMS!

MY COMPANY IS BUYING YOUR GOODS NOT OUT OF SYMPATHY, BUT BECAUSE THEY'RE BETTER THAN RODER'S!

THAT GOES FOR MINE, TOO!

THAT'S THE ONLY BASIS ON WHICH WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS!



AT THE END OF THE FIRST QUARTER...

HERE YOU ARE— AN EQUAL SHARE OF THE PROFITS FOR EACH OF US! NEXT TIME IT WILL BE MORE!

I'M EARNING MORE THAN I DID BEFORE THE WAR!



WHAT'S MORE, WE CAN NOW BUILD A NEW FACTORY AND TRIPLE OUR OUTPUT!

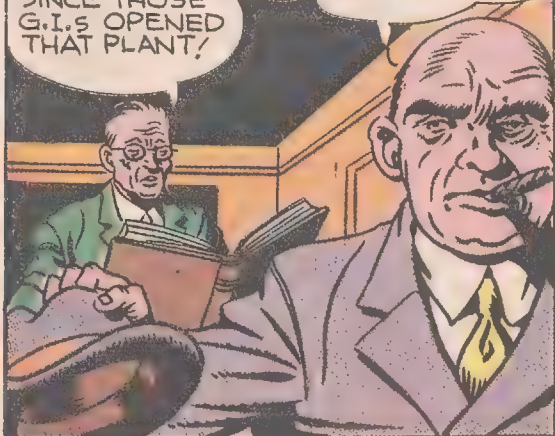
THAT'S TALKIN'!



MEANWHILE, IN RODER'S OFFICE...

OUR EARNINGS
HAVE DROPPED
50 PER CENT
SINCE THOSE
G.I.'S OPENED
THAT PLANT!

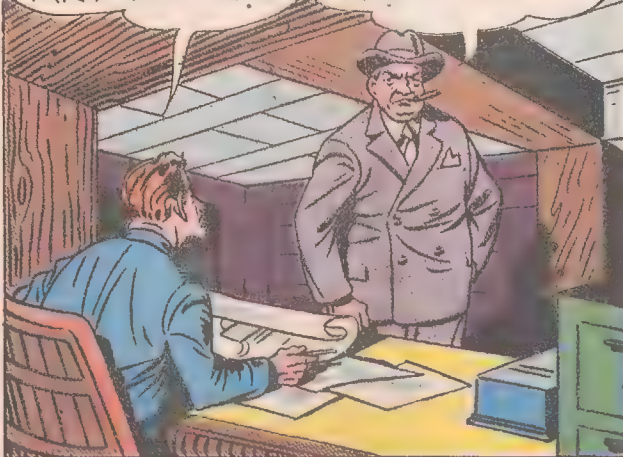
IT'S GOT TO STOP!
I'LL MAKE MARTIN
LISTEN TO REASON!



MINUTES LATER, IN BILL'S OFFICE...

NO, RODER, WE
WON'T SELL AT
ANY PRICE!

ALL RIGHT—
I'VE GIVEN YOU
FAIR WARNING!



THAT NIGHT, RODER MAKES A DEAL WITH
"WRECKER" BATES AND HIS GANG...

I DON'T CARE
WHAT YOU DO,
BATES, BUT PUT
THEM OUT OF
BUSINESS.

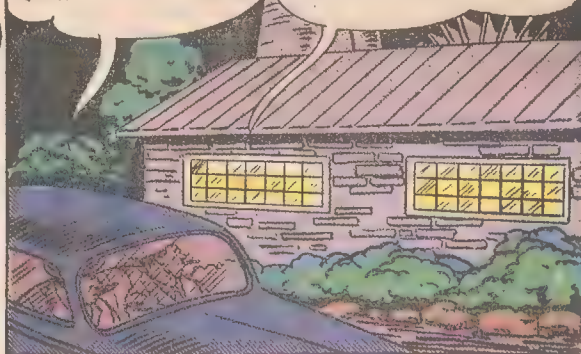
THAT'S OUR
RACKET. COME
ON, SWAZY, LET'S
MEASURE MARTIN'S
JOINT FOR A
PINEAPPLE!



THE HOODLUMS "CASE" THE G.I. PROJECT...

THEY'RE SO BUSY,
THEY OPERATE
DAY AND NIGHT!

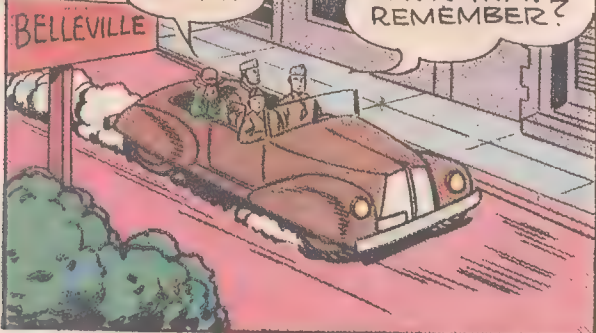
THIS WON'T NEED
A PINEAPPLE!
A MATCH'LL DO IT!



AND NOW, WITH THE STAGE SET FOR
VIOLENCE, FATE BRINGS ON SEASONED
ACTORS!

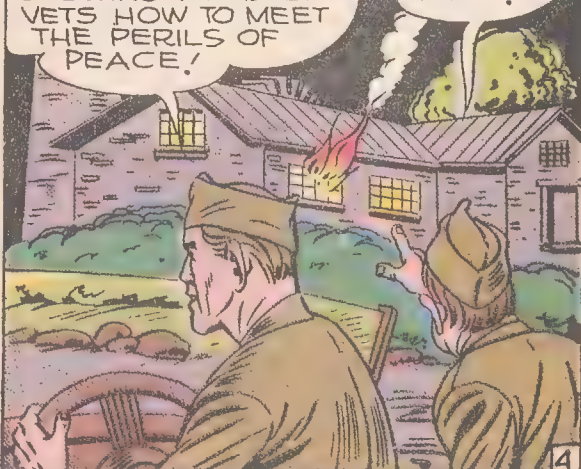
HO, HUM! SO WE SPEND
OUR FURLOUGH SEEIN'
AMERICA. AN' WHAT'S
IT GOT DAT BROOKLYN
AIN'T?

WELL, THIS LITTLE
TOWN HAS A
CITIZEN NAMED
BILL MARTIN, A
PAL OF OURS AT
OKINAWA. REMEMBER?



I HEAR BILL IS DOING
A GRAND JOB OF
SHOWING DISABLED
VETS HOW TO MEET
THE PERILS OF
PEACE!

BLIMEY, RIP—
THERE'S A
FIRE!



AND THE FIRE SPELLS TROUBLE FOR THE G.I. COOPERATIVE... MINUTES EARLIER...

STOP! YOU CAN'T—

WE CAN'T, HUH? SAYS WHO?

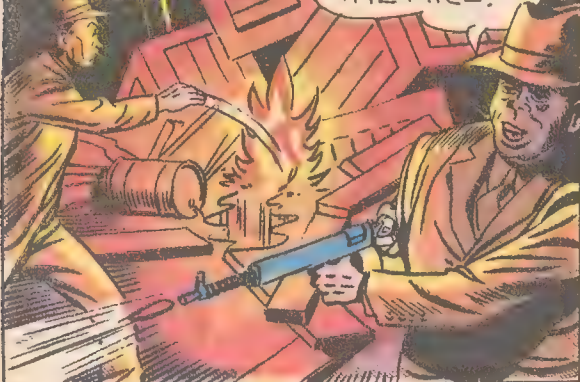


THIS ONE WON'T BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY US—AN' THE OTHER IS BLIND! BRING THAT GASOLINE OVER HERE!



THE JOINT'LL BURN LIKE PAPER!

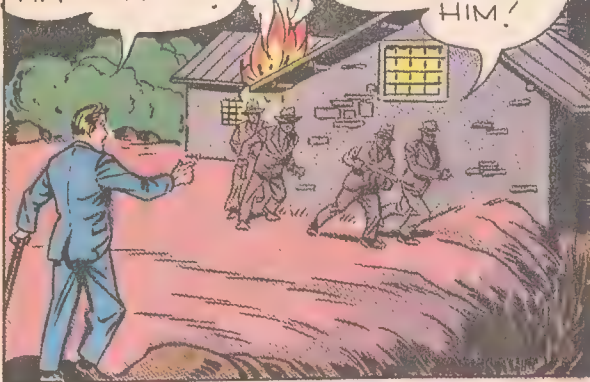
AN' THESE SLUGS WILL KEEP 'EM FROM TRYIN' TO FIGHT THE FIRE!



THE GUN-FIRE BRINGS BILL MARTIN RUNNING FROM HIS HOUSE NEARBY...

HEY—WHAT'S HAPPENING?

THAT'S THE BOSS! GET HIM!



AND IF THESE SLUGS DON'T FINISH YOU, SAP, DON'T OPEN YOUR FACTORY AGAIN—OR WE'LL BE BACK!

WHY, YOU—OH-H-H!

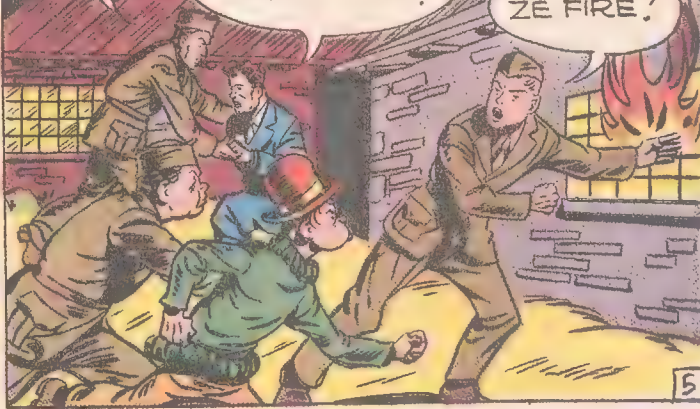


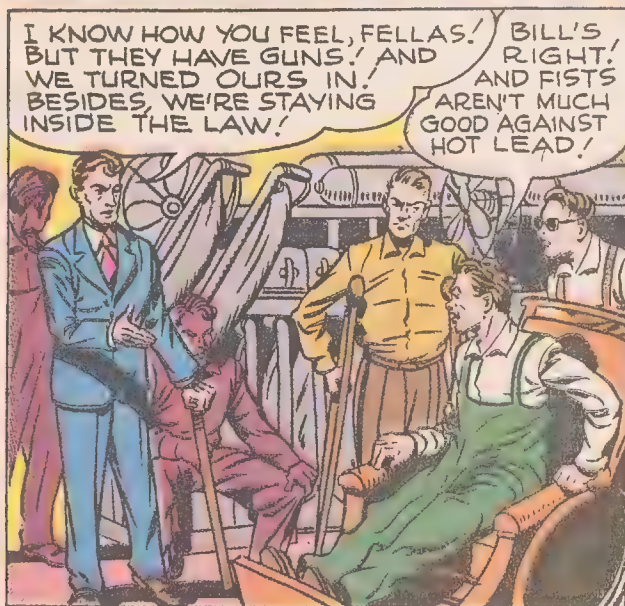
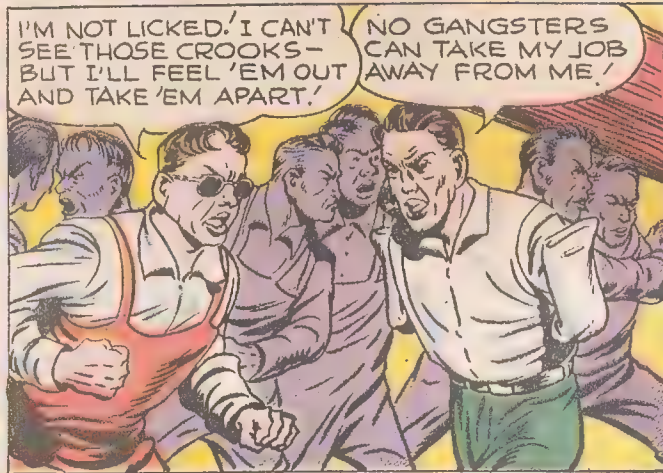
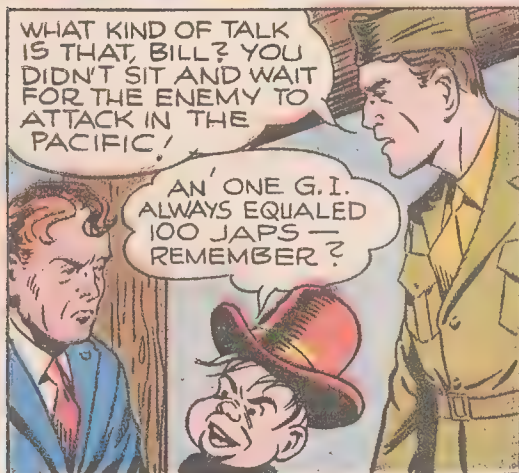
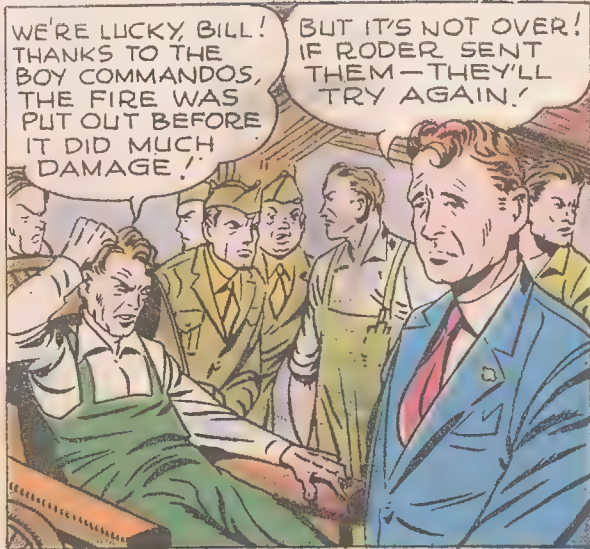
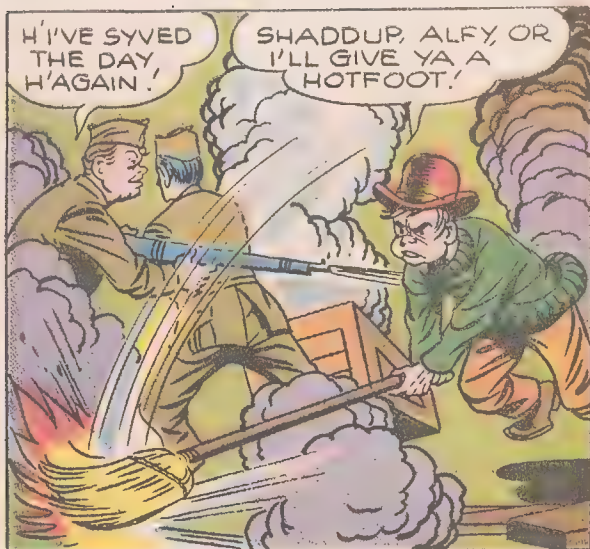
THE RAIDERS FLEE—AND SECONDS LATER...

BILL! THOSE RATS SHOT YOU!

RIP CARTER—AND THE BOY COMMANDOS... THEY GOT ME IN THE LEG, RIP—THE PLASTIC ONE!

ALLONS, MON COMRADES—LET US ATTEND ZE FIRE!



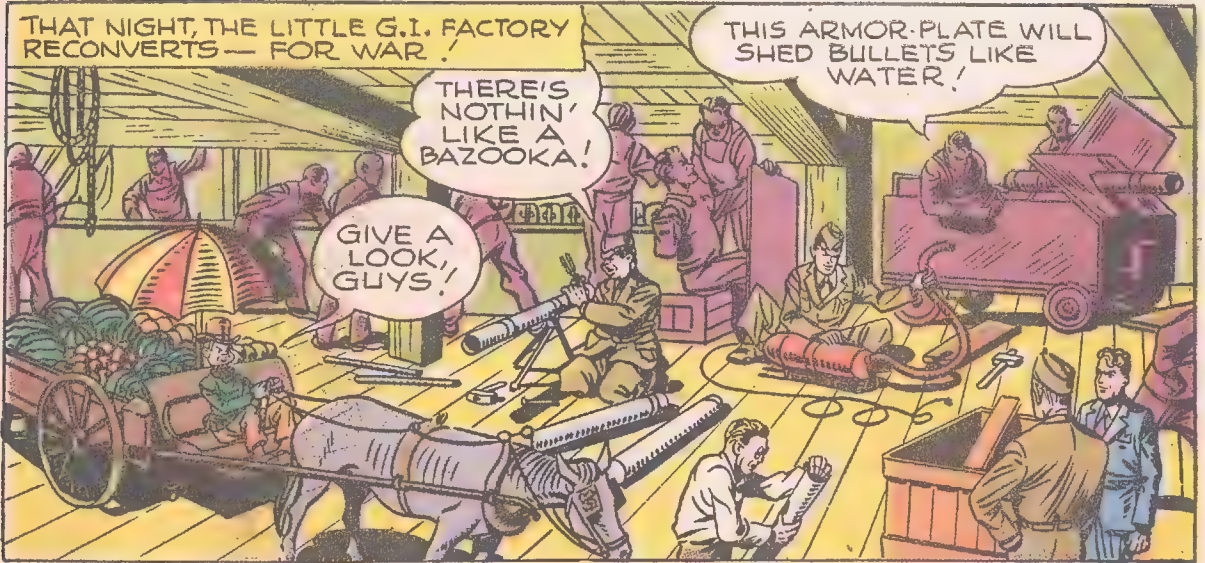


THAT NIGHT, THE LITTLE G.I. FACTORY RECONVERTS — FOR WAR!

THERE'S NOTHIN' LIKE A BAZOOKA!

GIVE A LOOK, GUYS!

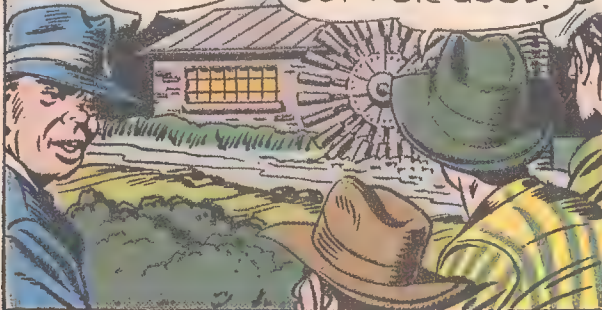
THIS ARMOR-PLATE WILL SHED BULLETS LIKE WATER!



AND AS DAWN BREAKS...

THEY'RE WORKIN' IN THERE, GUESS WE DIDN'T SCARE 'EM ENOUGH!

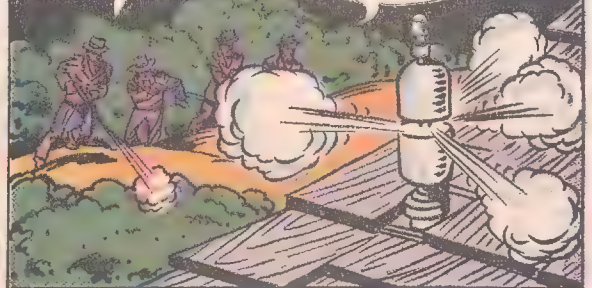
WELL, IF THEY BLOW THE WHISTLE FOR THE DAY CREW...WE WADE IN AND WIPE 'EM OUT FOR GOOD!



THEN, THE WHISTLE SHRIEKS AN ANGRY CHALLENGE — AND THE ASSAULT BEGINS!

OKAY! AND MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP THIS TIME!

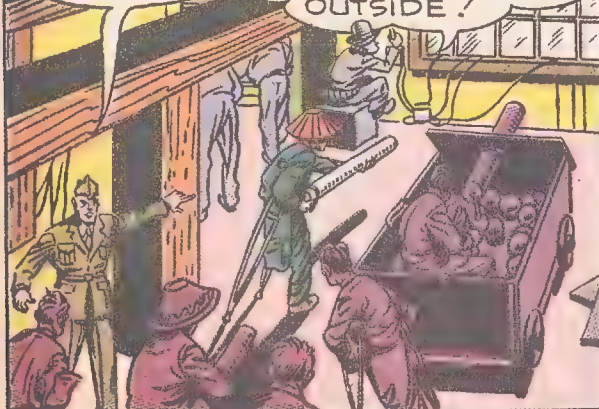
FOR WHAT RODER'S PAYIN' US, I'LL GLADLY BUMP OFF A FEW CHUMPS!



WITHIN THE FACTORY FORTRESS...

HERE THEY COME! BE READY TO RUSH THEM WHEN THE DOORS OPEN!

NOW, YA BUMS, YA'LL FIND OUT WHY I WAS SCATTERIN' DEM HOT-PLATES AN' BARE WIRES AROUND OUTSIDE!



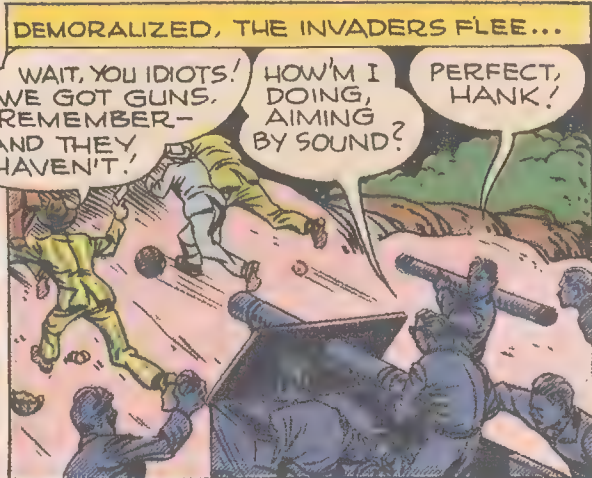
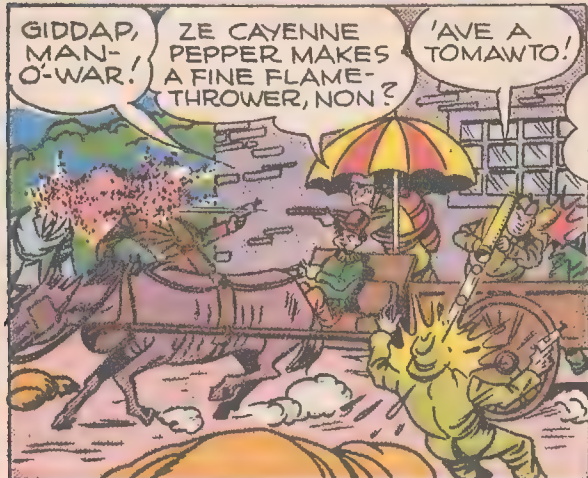
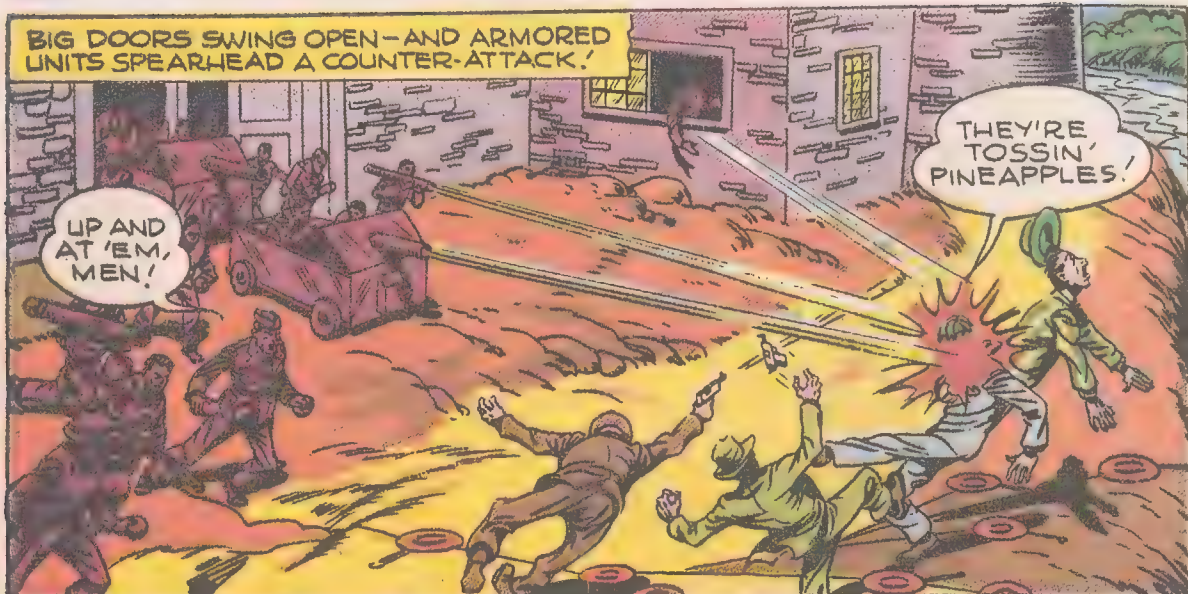
ELECTRICAL "LANDMINES" JOLT THE ENEMY!

YIII! WHO KICKED ME?

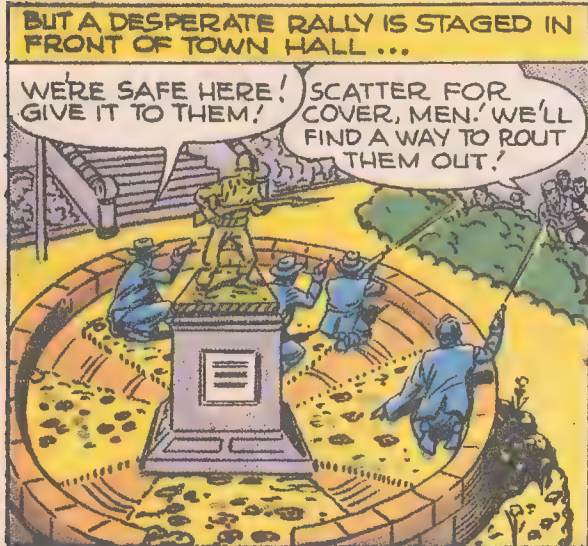
LEG-G-GO-O-O!



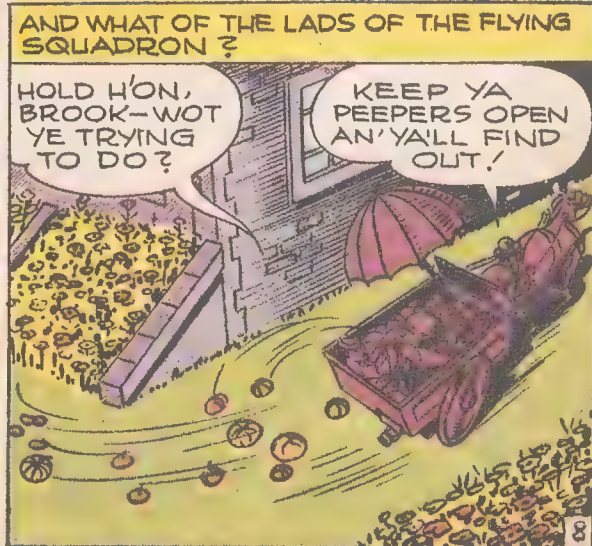
BIG DOORS SWING OPEN—AND ARMORED UNITS SPEARHEAD A COUNTER-ATTACK!



BUT A DESPERATE RALLY IS STAGED IN FRONT OF TOWN HALL ...



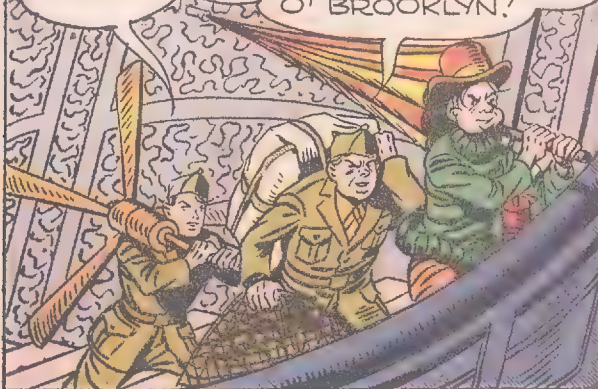
AND WHAT OF THE LADS OF THE FLYING SQUADRON?



INSIDE THE TOWN HALL ...

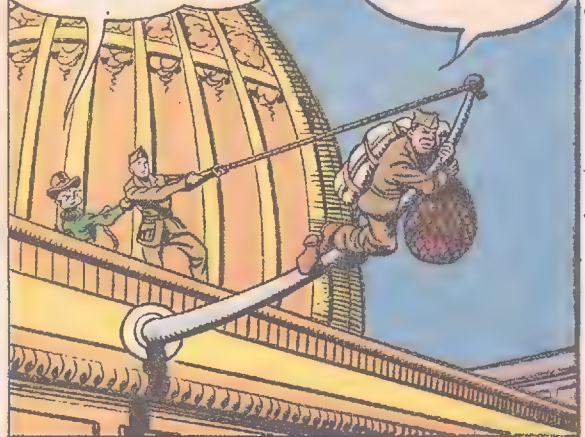
VOILA—WE
ATTACK
FROM ZE
AIR!

H'I'D FEEL BETTER H'IF
SOMEONE WITH A 'EAD
ON 'IS SHOULDERS 'AD
PLANNED THIS, H'INSTEAD
O' BROOKLYN!



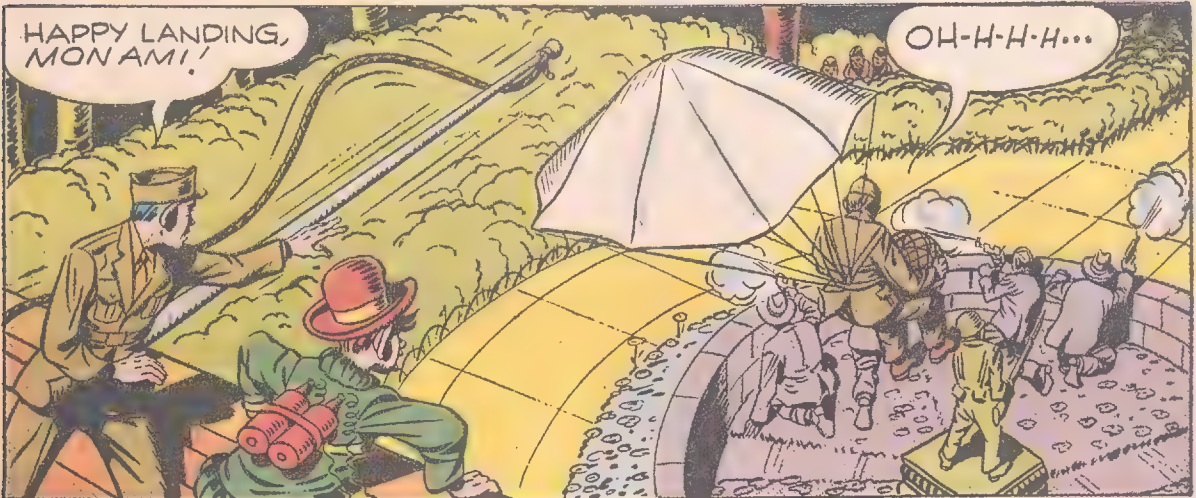
DIS IS A TEST FLIGHT, 'IF IT
DON'T WOIK WIT' ALFY,
WE'LL T'INK O' SOMET'IN'
ELSE, ANDRE!

TO THINK
H'I SURVIVED
TH' WAR
FOR THIS!



HAPPY LANDING,
MON AMI!

OH-H-H-H...



A ONE-POINT LANDING!

OW-W-W-W!

MA FOI, ALFY-WHY
DID YOU NOT
SILENCE
THEIR
GUNS?

'OW DID H'I
KNOW H'I WAS
GOIN' TO BE STABBED
IN TH' BACK?



WHO
T'REW THAT
PUMPKIN?

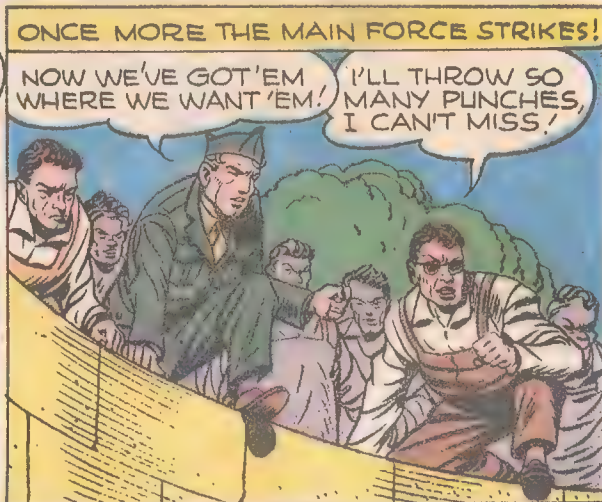
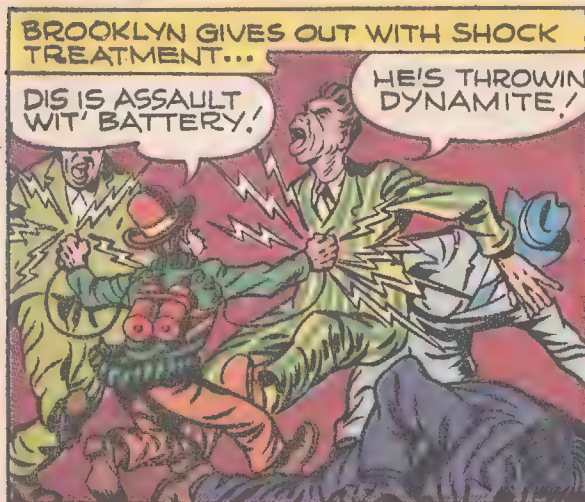
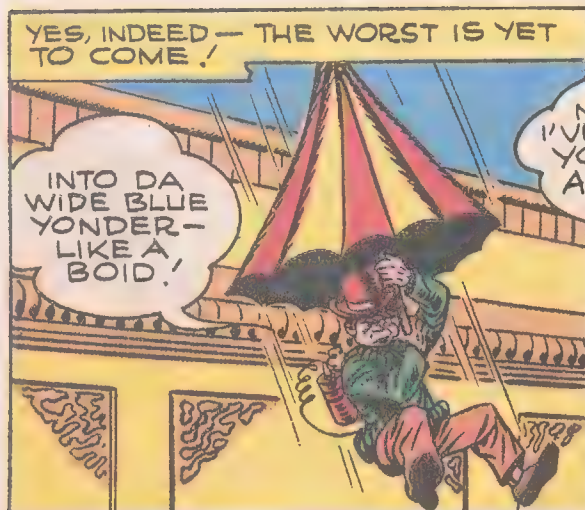
AN IMPROVED AUTOGYRO
JOINS THE FRAY!



VIVE LA JUSTICE!
SURRENDER,
OR ZE WORST
EES COMING!

HEY!
THERE
GOES
MY
CHOPPER!





RODER PLANS A STRATEGIC RETREAT...

OH, DEAR—THIS IS TERRIBLE!

I'LL PHONE MY LAWYERS FROM MEXICO! MAYBE THINGS WILL COOL OFF AFTER A WHILE AND I CAN COME BACK!



SUDDENLY...

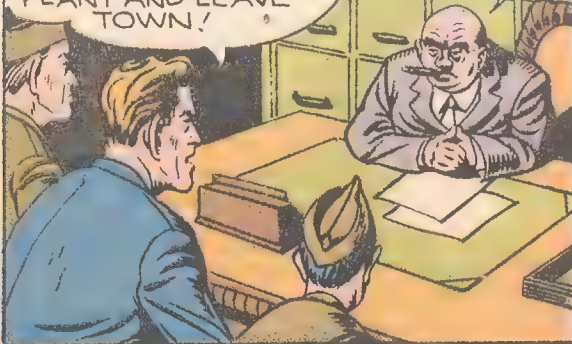
YOU WON'T NEED THAT MONEY WHERE YOU'RE GOING, RODER!

HUH? WELL, BILL, I GUESS YOU WIN!



I CAN SEND YOU TO JAIL ON THE TESTIMONY OF THOSE GUNMEN YOU HIRED, BUT I WON'T—IF YOU SELL ME YOUR PLANT AND LEAVE TOWN!

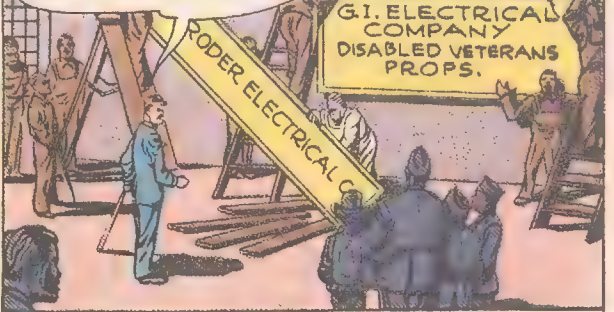
WHY NOT? THE PUBLICITY WOULD RUIN ME, ANYWAY!



AND SO...

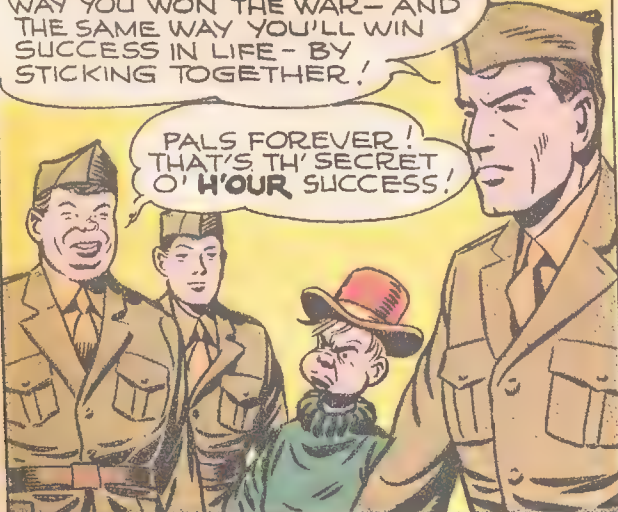
WE'VE GOT OUR NEW PLANT AND A FUTURE OF PEACE AND PROSPERITY—THANKS TO RIP CARTER AND THE 'BOY COMMANDOS'!

HOORAY FOR RIP! 'RAY FOR THE BOY COMMANDOS!



WE DIDN'T WIN YOUR FIGHT FOR YOU! YOU WON IT YOURSELVES, THE WAY YOU WON THE WAR—AND THE SAME WAY YOU'LL WIN SUCCESS IN LIFE—BY STICKING TOGETHER!

PALS FOREVER! THAT'S TH' SECRET O' H'OUR SUCCESS!



AIN'T IT DA TRUTH?

'ELP!



THE END

How THOM McAN

WITH HIS MAGIC



Tamed a Tornado

"BAZOOKA-SHOES"

THOUSANDS MAY DIE! THOM McAN, HIS LITTLE PAL "H" AND FRIENDS ARE "TAKING IN" A CARNIVAL. SUDDENLY THEY HEAR SCREAMS COMING FROM THE FERRIS WHEEL!

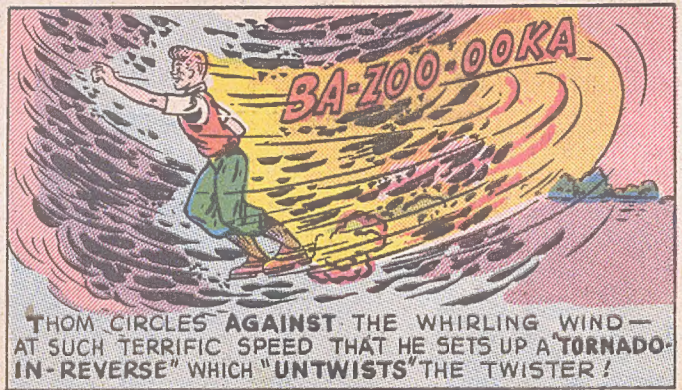


QUICK, "H" MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES"! I'VE GOT TO TAME THAT TWISTER! AND HERE--- SEE THAT NOTHING HAPPENS TO MY EVERYDAY THOM McANS!



DON'T, THOM-- COME BACK! YOU'LL BE TORN TO BITS BY THAT TWISTER!

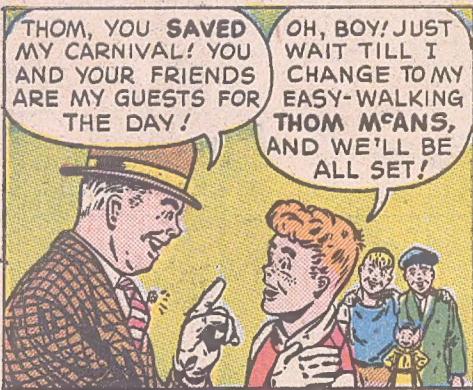
OH, YEAH? YOU DON'T KNOW MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES"! WATCH THIS!



THOM CIRCLES AGAINST THE WHIRLING WIND-- AT SUCH TERRIFIC SPEED THAT HE SETS UP A "TORNADO-IN-REVERSE" WHICH "UNTWISTS" THE TWISTER!

THOM, YOU SAVED MY CARNIVAL! YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE MY GUESTS FOR THE DAY!

OH, BOY! JUST WAIT TILL I CHANGE TO MY EASY-WALKING THOM McANS, AND WE'LL BE ALL SET!



LATER...

WHEE! LIKE FLOATING ON A CLOUD!

YEP! THE WAY YOUR FEET FEEL IN THOM McAN SHOES!



GEE, THOM, CARNIVALS ARE FUN, BUT THEY'RE SURE HARD ON SHOES. MINE ARE COMING APART AT THE SEAMS!

THAT NEVER HAPPENS WHEN YOU WEAR STURDY THOM McANS.



NOW LET'S GO THROUGH THE "FUN HOUSE".

I CAN'T! I'VE GOT TO GO HOME-- MY FEET HURT!

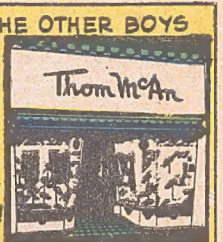
TOO BAD, JIMMY. NEXT TIME WEAR SHOES THAT NEVER "LET YOU DOWN" THOM McANS!



WHY DOES "H" NEVER SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE "H" IN "THOM McAN"--(THE "H" IS SILENT, BUT THE VALUE SHOUTS OUT LOUD!)



INSIDE THE FUN HOUSE THE OTHER BOYS FIND THRILLS GALORE-- BUT JIMMY IS HOME RESTING HIS FEET. NEVER LET THE WRONG KIND OF SHOES SPOIL YOUR FUN! TELL YOUR FOLKS YOU ALWAYS WANT DEPENDABLE THOM McANS!



Thom McAn

OVER 500 STORES--IN OVER 300 CITIES

We Give You **AMERICA'S!**
Greatest **BILFOLD BARGAIN!**

*It's
Smart
Roomy
and
LOW PRICED*

IT "ZIPS" ALL THE WAY AROUND →



Clear-
View
Celluloid
Windows

MASTERPIECE of
BILFOLD Design
and Workmanship

Exterior Of These Billfolds Are Made
Of Such Beautiful, Smart Leathers As
SADDLE - MOROCCO - CALFSKIN

3 Big Values
for One Low Price

\$1.98

You Must Be
100% Satisfied
Or Your Money
Will Be Cheer-
fully Refunded

- **SMART ZIPPER LEATHER BILFOLD AND PASS CASE**
- **LARGE, BUILT-IN CHANGE PURSE**
- **Genuine RABBIT'S FOOT KEY-HOLDER**

Complete with
FLEXIBLE GILT CHAIN

What a sensational offer! And what a marvelous value! This is the first time in our history we've ever given a smart leather, genuine all-around Zipper Billfold for the unheard of low price of only \$1.98. Ordinarily you would have to pay that price for just the usual type billfold with no zipper. Yet on this bargain offer we not only give you this beautifully styled Zipper Billfold, which is a remarkable value in itself, but you also get two other great features. **3 BIG VALUES in all for ONE LOW PRICE!** You can't beat an offer like that. You'll agree when you see this Billfold that it's the best ever.

This Genuine RABBIT'S FOOT KEYHOLDER Included With Every Zipper Billfold!

Some people put a great deal of faith in the symbolic magic of a rabbit's foot. They feel that it acts as a good omen. Even if you aren't superstitious, you'll find that this rabbit's foot makes a mighty good key holder. It's novel. It's handy. It's a genuine rabbit's foot with real fur and everything. The picture shows the rabbit's foot about actual size. Comes complete with a generous gilt chain, flexible and large enough to accommodate all your keys.

RUSH YOUR ORDER FIRST COME FIRST SERVED

Here, without a doubt, is the last word in a real man's billfold—it has a place for everything. It "zips open all the way" so that currency, change, passes and membership cards can be reached easy and fast. Yet when closed you can shake the billfold all you want and nothing can fall out. So handy! So safe! Remember as an extra special feature we also include America's most popular genuine Rabbit's Foot Key-Holder, complete with gilt Chain as shown. But hurry while there's still time. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just rush your order on the handy coupon below today on our 10 Day Examination Offer.

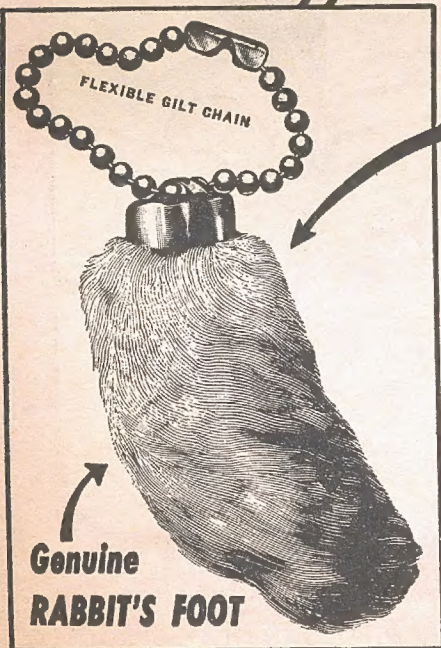
SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 3314
510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Illinois

Gentlemen: Rush me your 3 Big Values as described including Zipper Pass Case Billfold, Built-in Change Purse and Rabbit's Foot Key Holder with Gilt Chain. On arrival, I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus 20% Fed. Tax and few cents postage and p.o.d. charges. If not delighted in every way I can return in 10 days for full refund

Name _____
Address _____
Town _____ State _____

☐ To save shipping charges I am enclosing in advance \$1.98 plus 20% Federal Tax (Total \$2.38). Please ship above order all postage charges prepaid.



**Genuine
RABBIT'S FOOT**

LIGHTER MOMENTS

with
fresh Eveready
Dated
Batteries

ONLY A MEMORY now—the days when you had to take “second choice” flashlight batteries—or none!

For “Eveready” Batteries are back! You can buy them. Ask for them at your dealer’s.

The more *important* your flashlight is to you, the *more* this news will mean. For the world’s largest-selling flashlight battery has never had an equal.

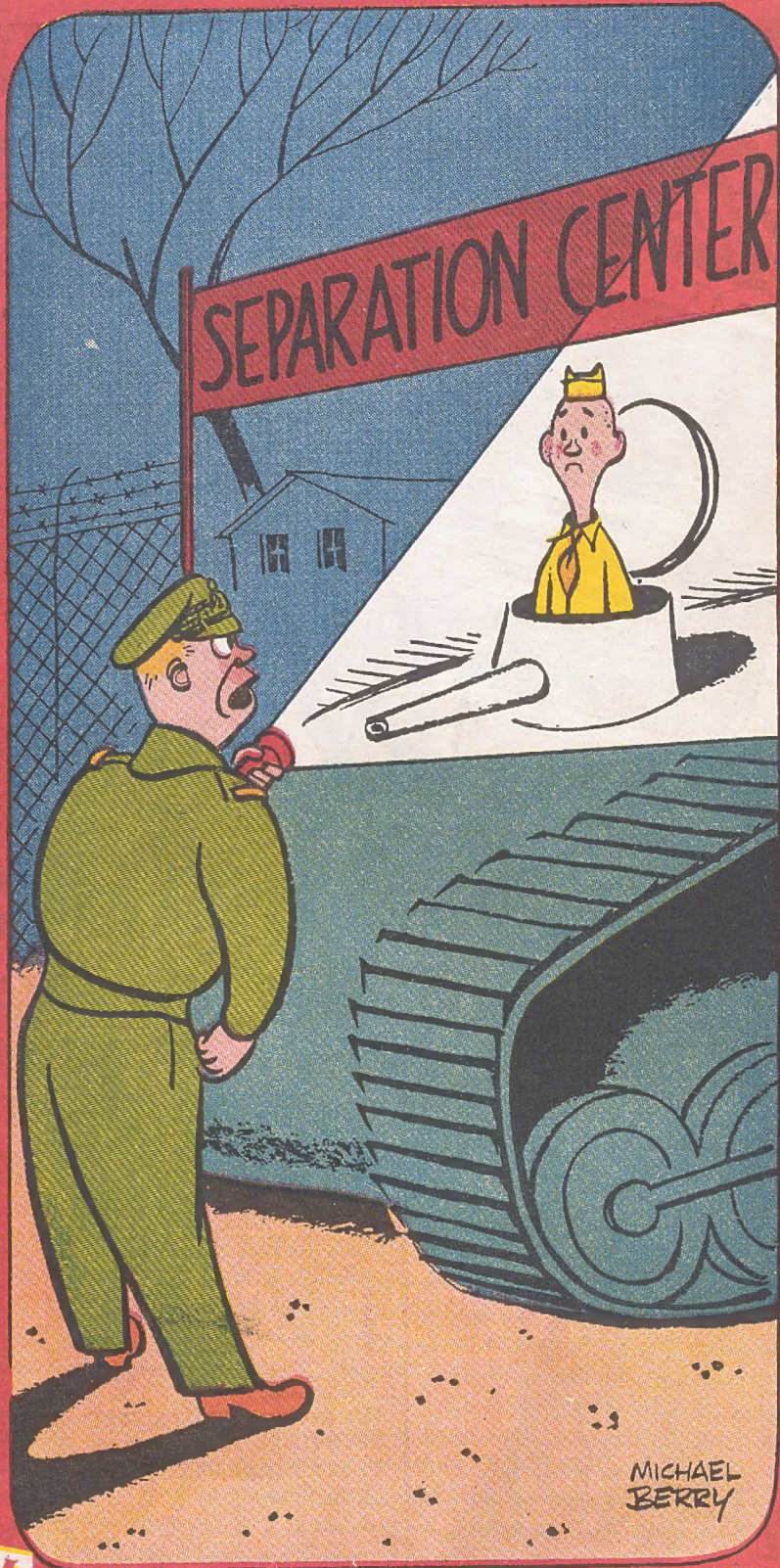
Fresh
DATED BATTERIES
Last Longer
Look for the date line



EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK

The word “Eveready” is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.



MICHAEL
BERRY

“Souvenir or no souvenir...

you leave that here!”

SCANNING
SUPERSCAN